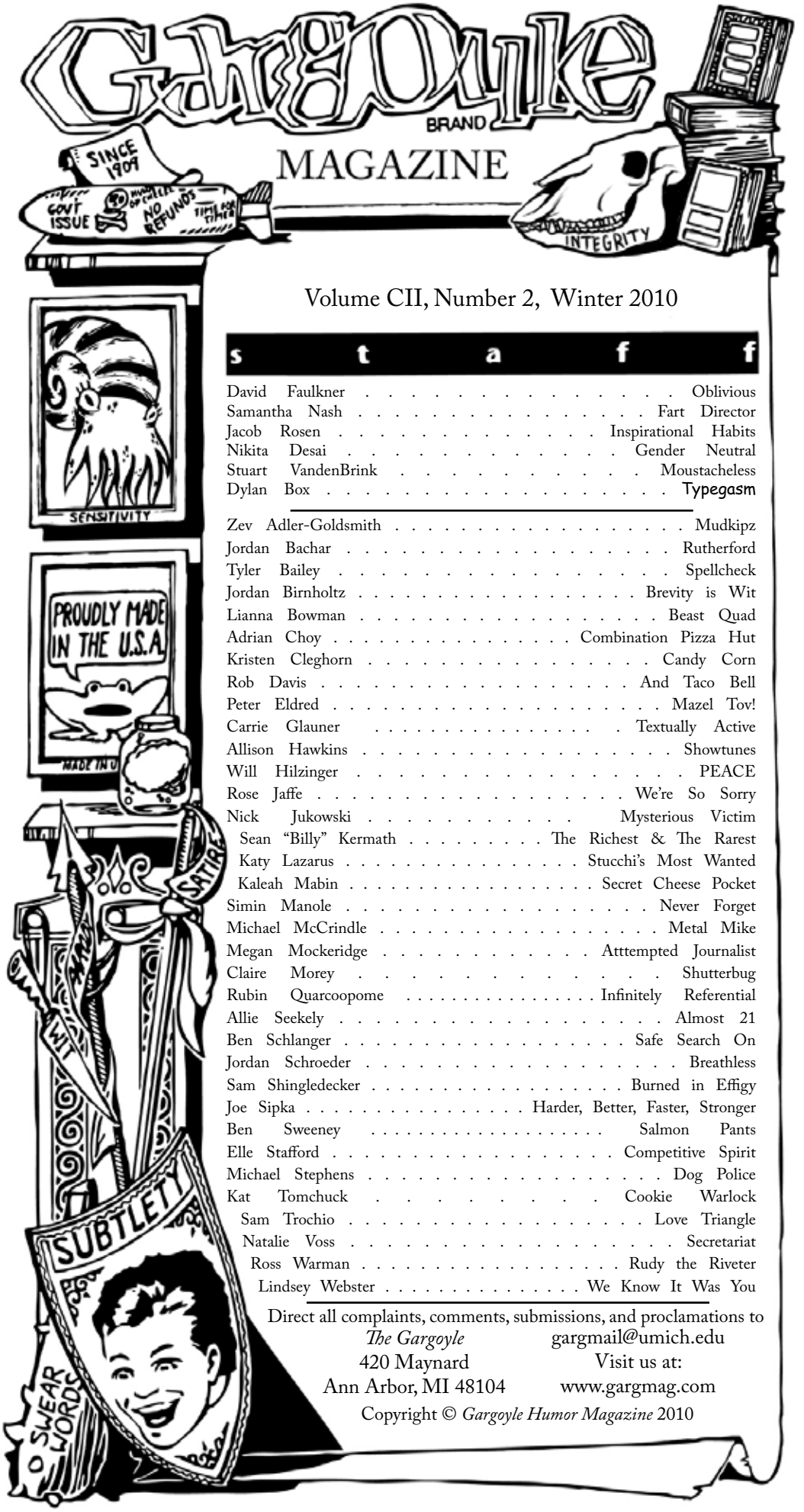
Gargoyle
BRAND
GARG CIGS
I
"Smoke this Issue"



Volume CII, Number 2, Winter 2010

s t a f f

David Faulkner . . . . . Oblivious
Samantha Nash . . . . . Fart Director
Jacob Rosen . . . . . Inspirational Habits
Nikita Desai . . . . . Gender Neutral
Stuart VandenBrink . . . . . Moustacheless
Dylan Box . . . . . Typegasm

Zev Adler-Goldsmith . . . . . Mudkipz
Jordan Bachar . . . . . Rutherford
Tyler Bailey . . . . . Spellcheck
Jordan Birnholtz . . . . . Brevity is Wit
Lianna Bowman . . . . . Beast Quad
Adrian Choy . . . . . Combination Pizza Hut
Kristen Cleghorn . . . . . Candy Corn
Rob Davis . . . . . And Taco Bell
Peter Eldred . . . . . Mazel Tov!
Carrie Glauner . . . . . Textually Active
Allison Hawkins . . . . . Showtunes
Will Hilzinger . . . . . PEACE
Rose Jaffe . . . . . We're So Sorry
Nick Jukowski . . . . . Mysterious Victim
Sean "Billy" Kermath . . . . . The Richest & The Rarest
Katy Lazarus . . . . . Stucchi's Most Wanted
Kaleah Mabin . . . . . Secret Cheese Pocket
Simin Manole . . . . . Never Forget
Michael McCrindle . . . . . Metal Mike
Megan Mockeridge . . . . . Atttempted Journalist
Claire Morey . . . . . Shutterbug
Rubin Quarcoopome . . . . . Infinitely Referential
Allie Seekely . . . . . Almost 21
Ben Schlanger . . . . . Safe Search On
Jordan Schroeder . . . . . Breathless
Sam Shingledecker . . . . . Burned in Effigy
Joe Sipka . . . . . Harder, Better, Faster, Stronger
Ben Sweeney . . . . . Salmon Pants
Elle Stafford . . . . . Competitive Spirit
Michael Stephens . . . . . Dog Police
Kat Tomchuck . . . . . Cookie Warlock
Sam Trochio . . . . . Love Triangle
Natalie Voss . . . . . Secretariat
Ross Warman . . . . . Rudy the Riveter
Lindsey Webster . . . . . We Know It Was You

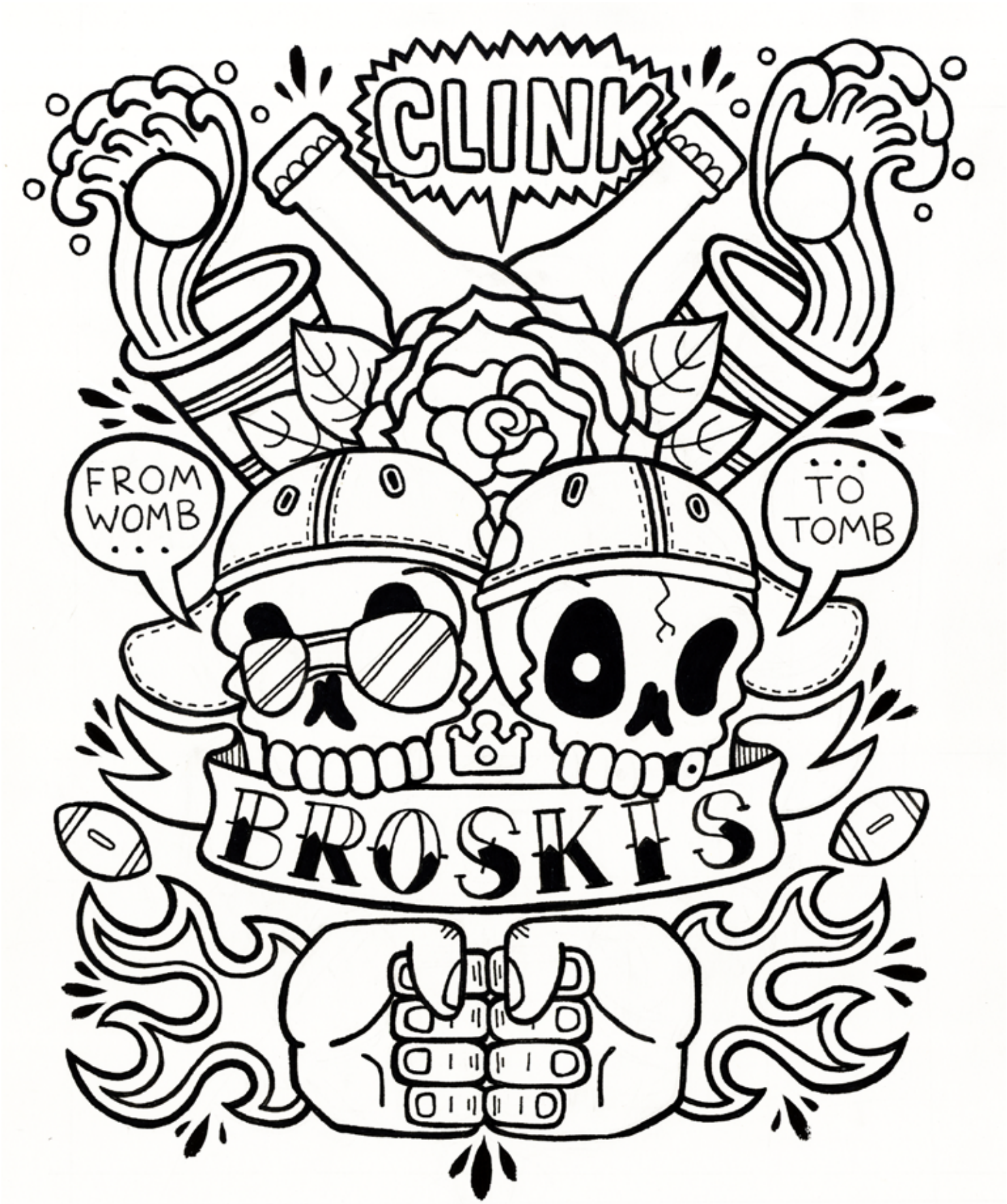
Direct all complaints, comments, submissions, and proclamations to
The Gargoyle gargmail@umich.edu
420 Maynard Visit us at:
Ann Arbor, MI 48104 www.gargmag.com

Copyright © *Gargoyle Humor Magazine* 2010

Table of Contents

1. Smoke This Issue!
2. This Page
3. That Page
4. Philosophy
5. Mail
6. Cultural Calendar
7. Blackened Pelicans
8. Denied C-Tools Submissions
9. Wrenches in the Ocean
10. Order Your Climax Online
11. You'll Need Paypal
12. Choose Your Own Library
13. Pick Your Position
14. S/he Is Fuckin' Awesome
15. J&J Is Our SugarDaddy
16. "Real" Opinions
17. Poor Squirrel
18. Roll It All Away
19. Chug the Broth
20. If Only... If Only
21. The *Real* Odyssey
22. Rules to Live By
23. Get Stoked to Toke
24. Adorable Neighbors
25. Shameless Self-Preservation
26. Explore North Art
27. Employ, Enjoy, Destroy Choy
28. That Poor, Poor Child
29. Schlang the Fang
30. Circle Your Prey
31. Box 'em Out
32. Comedy Showcase

GarGoyle



Coloring Page for Bros

Philosophy

BY DAVID FAULKNER, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Philosophies are treacherous beasts. One feels compelled to talk about meaningful things, to extract some greater truth from the chaos of the academic year, or to try to make sense of the world--or better yet, the university. Since these things are inherently meaningless, I've decided to talk about something both meaningful and important to me: are you having enough fun?

Think about it. These are, ostensibly, the best years of your life. You should wake up every morning ready to fight a coked-up panda, and go to sleep every night hoping that you'll remember all that crazy shit tomorrow.

Are you focusing too much on academics? Who cares so long as you graduate on time? Besides, it's your parent's money, not yours. If, as you read that last sentence, you were thinking about scholarships, grants--how you earned the right to attend the University of Michigan through your blood and sweat and tears--then what are you doing reading the Gargoyle? Put this rag down and go do some homework. Jesus Christ, are you trying to make the rest of us feel guilty? Yes, we know you're here because you're really smart. Yes, you're accomplished and capable. Yes, you'll probably be pretty successful. That's great. But how many beers can you shotgun in one sitting? See, you've got skills that will make you successful at life, but not at college.

College is kind of a bizarre microcosm. It's this confounding amalgamation of giving a shit, not giving two shits, and being able to drink like a fish. Trust me when I tell you that that last bit will come in handy if you plan on pursuing a graduate career in international politics. I've got sources. Point is, this is a time in your life when you can afford to be more than a little bit irresponsible, and it doesn't really matter so long as you don't:

> get pregnant

> get someone else pregnant

> get HIV

> drop your grades below a C.

Honestly, that's about it. Can you handle that? Congratulations, you can earn a Bachelor's degree from one of the best public universities in the country.

I don't know if you realize this, but U of M is one of the better universities in the world. Yeah. Think about that when you're blazed as all shit and trying to convince a stranger that you, like, totally get what Descartes was trying to say, but, like, nobody else gets it; you feel me?

No.

No, random person based loosely on myself. Nobody gets you, but that's sort of the point, isn't it? This is a time and place for you to be incomprehensible. Be bold. Be creative. Be confounding. Be everything your parents warned you about. Drink too much, study too little, have a brief moment when you worry about contracting herpes (dude, like 90% of the adult population has it. Totally not a big deal). Take full advantage of this time in your life, of this time in history. Nobody else has ever had this opportunity. Do you really want to squander it?

Mail

Direct all hate mail and suspicious parcels to
The Gargoyle
420 Maynard
Ann Arbor, MI 48104
or
gargmail@umich.edu
Visit us on the internet:
www.gargmag.com

Dear Gargoyle,

I parked my Volvo station wagon at Student Publications last week. When I came back, my car was not in the space, but there was a pile of broken glass. If someone on your staff accidentally picked it up thinking that it was their Volvo station wagon, please let them know that I'd like it back.

Sincerely,
Jacob Smellovitz

Dear Gargoyle,

The cacti are uneasy and wave in the breeze. They ask for water – the tears of their fathers. Send us your tears, Gargoyle. Feel the sorrow of 1,000 deserts.

(Anonymous)

Dear Gargoyle,

I've been a good kid this year! Honest! I've been saving Gotham City for like forty years now! I don't know why there's no death penalty yet, especially with the Joker. He killed a bus full of ninety healthy white babies. Ninety! That's hilarious! And all that happened was, he went back to the same damn place he keeps breaking out of. But I keep stopping him! And I never get anything! Your Garg-brand condoms are useless. At first I thought the holes in the center were like warp-gates… you know, sperm enters and emerges on the Constitution or The Giving Tree or something. But now, Robin's pregnant! And he's a terrible mother! All these tights make him look like a Thai stripper (but I do love me some Thai strippers). You promised me! Garg, you promised me a comical black sidekick. You sent me a picture of Lil' Wayne in coitus with himself. I appreciate irony as much as the next guy, but fuck, I'm the knight!

Sincerely,
Bruce Wayne. I mean, Batman.

Dear Gargoyle,

Please stop lowering your blinds.
Thanks.
(Anonymous)

My Little Gargy-pants,

I know you're a grown man now, what with your 102nd right around the corner – but honestly Gargy, what am I, as your mother, to think about you spreading your pages all over campus 5,000 times? I was fine with those dirty pictures – Momma likes some thigh with her bran – you didn't hear a slip from me. Nor did I chastise you for the language (it reminds me of your dear, sexy uncle). But now, I hear that you are everywhere – popular and loved by all those damned tea-drinking neo-sluts and fucking douche-hoards. I have never been so ashamed. When you get this, please come see me at my office in the Student Publications Building (your father will be here too).

Sincerely,
Your Mother (*The Michigan Daily*)

Dear Gargoyle,

These hard economic times must make it difficult for Student Publications to support The Michigan Daily, The Gargoyle, and The Michiganensian. Therefore, I propose combining the publications into one general purpose paper: The Gargensian Daily. It could publish 80 pages of humorous student information once a week, effectively covering the content of all three current publications!

Don't worry about thanking me, just send a check.
J.P. Morgan

Dear Gargoyle,

What is your favorite kind of shark? Mine is the goblin shark, because it has a degree of jaw mobility greater than that seen in other aquatic creatures.

Love,
Orcas

Ann Arbor Cultural Calendar

November 15-January 31

November

15	Matthew Dear
16	Greg Laswell Melissa Manchester
17	White Ravens Danielle Ate the Sandwich Robert Hurst MI Favorite Comic (Michigan League)
18	Gun Lake Stew and The Negro Problem with Heidi Rodewald Graham Colton & Matthew Perryman Jones
19	Cult Heroes Stew and The Negro Problem with Heidi Rodewald The RFD Boys Student Songwriter Series DIY Party
20	My Dear Disco Stew and The Negro Problem with Heidi Rodewald Gandalf Murphy and the Slambovian Circus of Dreams
21	Tim Kasher Shawn Colvin
23	Blind Pig Showcase Night Theo Katzman
24	The Macpodz
26	Third Coast Kings Matt Watroba
27	The Bang! Mr. B
28	Gemini Family Show The Belleville Outfit
30	Blind Pig Showcase Night America Roots - String Bands

Ongoing

Dec 9- 12	Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Sorcerer (UMGASS)
Aug 21– Nov 28	The Prints of James McNeill Whistler

December

1	Prhyme Rhyme Boss The Business of Free Play JJ Grey & Mofro & Daryl Hance
2	Frontier Ruckus Lil'Ed and the Blues Imperials
3	Ann Arbor Soul Club Carolina Chocolate Drops Student Songwriter Series Orpheum Bell & Lac La Belle and Danny Kline
4	The Muggs Handel's Messiah The Gibson Brothers & Detour Bluegrass The Romeo and Juliet Project
5	Handel's Messiah Over the Rhine
6	John Berry
7	Langhorne Slim Lee Murdock
8	Bryan Greenberg MI Favorite Comic (Michigan League)
9	Crown Royale
10	The Mighty Diamonds Lucy Kaplansky
11	Tickled Fancy Burlesque Co. "An Electric Guitar Summit"
12	Mac Miller Shape Note Singing
14	DecemberSongs
15	Delbert McClinton Nuevo Rumbon
16	Trinidad Tripoli Steel Band
17	Crossroads Ceili
18	Crossroads Ceili
19	Riders in the Sky Vinyl Destruction (21+)
31	The Fred Eaglesmith Travelling Show

January

2	NT Live: Hamlet
6	Michael Smith
7	Mountain Heart
8	Jill Jack Birthday Bash
9	Mississippi Heat
12	David Francey
13	The Read Sea Pedestrians
14	Laurie Anderson's Delusion The Yellow Room Gang
15	Laurie Anderson's Delusion
16	Renée Fleming
18	Bitch/Ferron
19	MI Favorite Comic (Michigan League)
20	Jake Armerding & Rachael Davis
21	Grupo Corpo The Ragbirds
22	Grupo Corpo Leon Redbone
23	Joanne Shenandoah
27	Sequentia
28	Ann Arbor Folk Festival (Hill Auditorium)
29	Ann Arbor Folk Festival (Hill Auditorium)
30	Baby Loves Salsa NT Live: FELA!

Venues

	The Ark
	The Blind Pig
	University Musical Society
	The Michigan Theatre
	U of M Museum of Art
	Vault of Midnight

Have an event that you want on the calendar?
Email us at **gargmail@umich.edu!**

A Memo from BP: Family Funland in the Gulf of Mexico

Dear Consumer!

This is a message from your friends at BP. We know that this past summer, we made a bit of a boo-boo in the Gulf. And to that end, we extend our apologies. Our bad. There. We said it.

Maybe you Americans should have more refined, cultured oil like in the U.K. An oil spill there is essentially a bloody tea party for the rest of us. Our oil is the James Bond to your Agent Cody Banks.

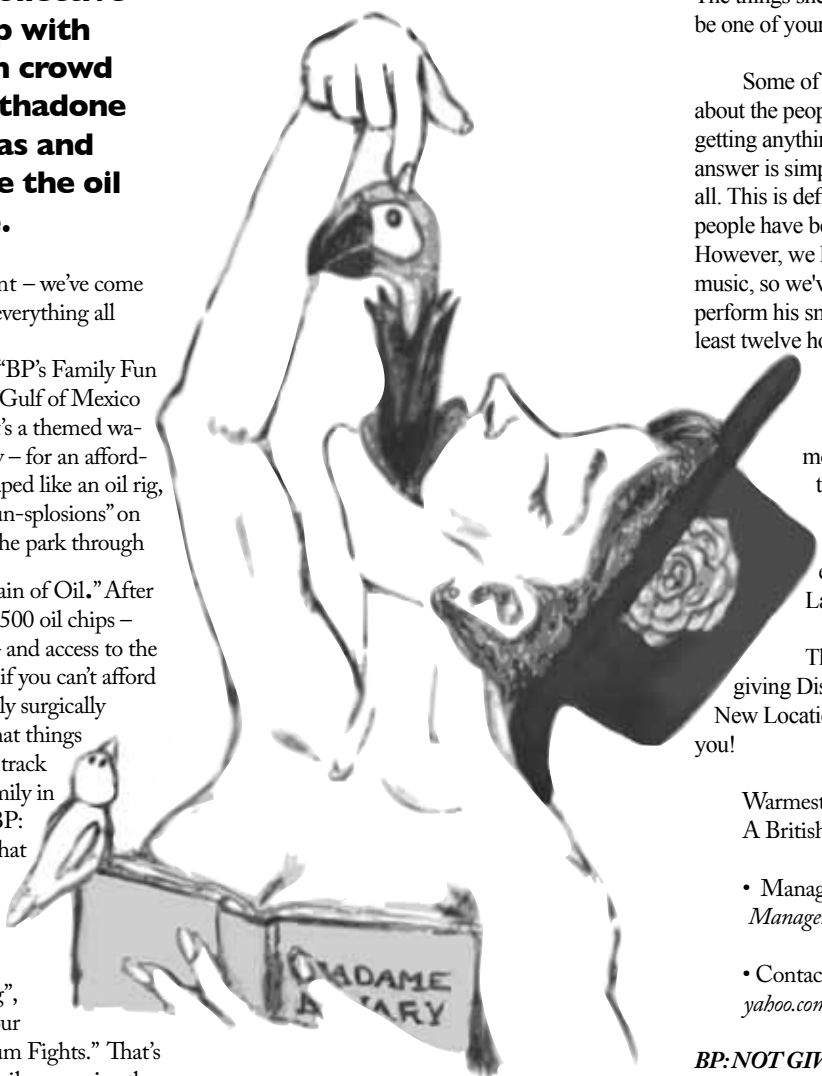
But I digress. Precisely because we know how much of a grudge you Yanks can bear – I can't tell you how many times we've apologized for Hugh Grant – we've come up with a solution to make everything all right.

Your children's collective testicles will drop with excitement when crowd favorites like Methadone Addiction Thomas and Dick Cheney take the oil ring center stage.

We proudly introduce "BP's Family Fun Land," located in the scenic Gulf of Mexico directly above the oil spill! It's a themed water park for the whole family – for an affordable price. Obviously, it's shaped like an oil rig, and prone to exhilarating "fun-splosions" on a semi-regular basis! Enter the park through a perpetually flowing "Curtain of Oil**.**" After a reasonable fee, you receive 500 oil chips – that's our currency, you see – and access to the entire park! And no worries if you can't afford to pay at the front! We simply surgically remove your tear ducts, so that things don't get awkward when we track down and slaughter your family in front of you. Our motto at BP: kids always come first. But that rarely happens.

Once inside the park, you have your choice of countless rides, like "Drilling", "Angry Black People", and our new favorite, "BP Family Bum Fights." That's right! Now you and your family can enjoy the knockdown, drag-out melees between our current champion, Herpes St. James, and a bevy of violent contenders ready to knock him off his throne.

Your children's collective testicles will drop with excitement when crowd favorites like Methadone Addiction Thomas, Hipster Eater, and Dick Cheney take the oil ring center stage. These men are hungry – damn hungry – and we assure you that the single fun-sized bag of *Lay's* potato chips we give them when they win will keep them that way. And the best part is: these men were brought here against their will! It's basically slavery, only on the sea, so it's original! You can practically taste the hatred in their eyes, and their bowel movement-inducing glares have been said to have the same effect as a meal at *White Castle*. In reverse.



And parents, don't think we've forgotten about you! While the kids are away on rides and playing around in our fun-sized oil swimming pools, we've several bars and clubs in the Adult Ward! You've simply not lived till you've had a Captain Whorgan's – "with that extra bang only whoring can bring" – and a side of freshly-clubbed baby seal. For the randier chaps among you, we've even established a strip club, Oiled Underwear, filled entirely with sensible British strippers who lube themselves with crude oil, strip down to their crude knickers, and read crude, classic novels to you in a soothing British voice. One of them may or may not be Julie Andrews. The things she does with umbrellas is sure to be one of your favorite things.

Some of you may be thinking: What about the people of New Orleans? Are they getting anything from this theme park? The answer is simple: No. Not a bloody thing at all. This is definitely not the first time black people have been screwed over by the British. However, we know you people like the rap music, so we've arranged to have Vanilla Ice perform his smash hit, "Ice Ice Baby," for at least twelve hours. Every day. No exceptions. He's not even getting paid. He just appreciates being noticed. In fact, he's paying us. What's more, we've set up speakers along the coast and in major parts of New Orleans so that you can enjoy the music all the time, even when you're not at the Fun Land!

The BP Family Fun Land! We're giving Disneyland a run for its money. New Locations coming soon to a coast near you!

Warmest regards,
A British Man Named Lamar

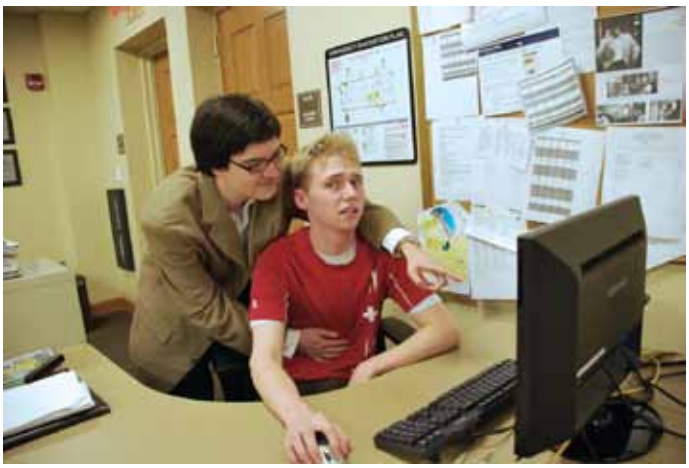
• Manager, *Public Relations/ Creative Management, BP*

• Contact: *ABMNLBieberFan69@yahoo.com*

BP: NOT GIVING A FUCK SINCE 1909

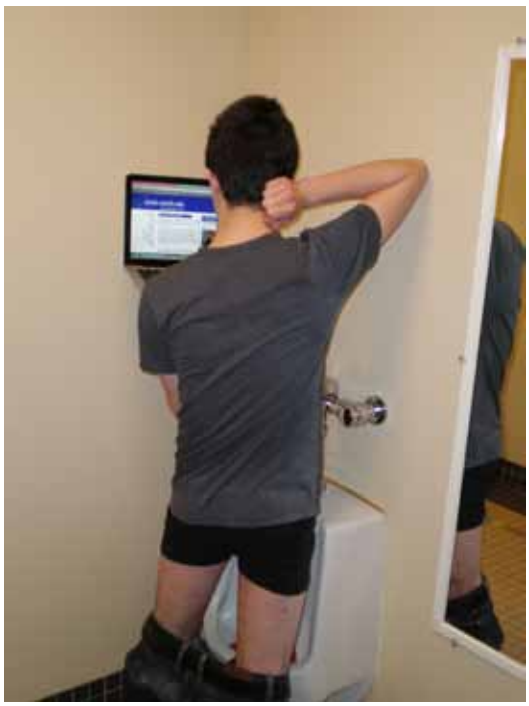
rejected.ctools.pictures

as presented by the gargoyle & friends



Reason for Rejection: Professor Benjamin Casselbrot would have been ruined, and left with no funds to preserve his Jonny Quest memorabilia collection. Just be careful if you go in for office hours.

Reason for Rejection: Ctools does not publish cowards.



Reason for Rejection: It either needs a lot more or a lot less thigh. Anything in between has no place on camera.

Reason for Rejection: Mr.McCrindle unfortunately lost his life whilst taking a bullet for Ctools, and his family insisted that we pull the picture. Incidentally, grieving families don't respond well to, "Well, we both know it was bound to happen sometime."

Reason for Rejection: Ctools is not allowed to publish images of any alcoholic beverage other than Popov due to a sponsorship agreement.

Reason for Rejection: Picture was not in dropbox before midnight.

Reason for Rejection: The University of Michigan has had a ban on published nudity since the panic caused by the Great Foreskin Rollback of '54.

Reason for Rejection: The lighting was weird.

Michael Stephens' *guide to*
Vibrators of the FUTURE

In the summer of 2010, The Gargoyle's very own Michael Stephens came upon a wonderful opportunity, an opportunity even more wonderful than the chance to attend Glenn Beck's Restoring Honor Rally, if you can even imagine such a thing. He got a job with a small online company that sells products people are regularly too embarrassed to buy in public: things like enemas, anal bleach, male enhancement pills, snuggies, smart cars, and tickets to Glenn Beck's Restoring Honor Rally.

In addition to a paycheck that would make a GSI jealous, Michael enjoyed several other benefits from working for this company. Paid vacation, maternity leave, free hemorrhoid cream (it's for his friend, he swears), and use of company cars and sex dolls, to name but a few. But the greatest benefit of all, greater even than the rogaine-flavored ice cream, was that he got to preview vibrators before they hit the e-shelves. This was made only slightly less great by the fact that he occasionally had to try them out to make sure they were safe enough to test on Bonobo Chimps and terriers. Now, his physical and emotional pain can be your reading pleasure, as he brings you a sneak preview of several new vibrators you won't find in stores!

The Octopus: Two-sided dildos and vibrators have always been popular among lesbian couples, but it's 2010, and we've outgrown such traditional relationships. With its eight individually-adjustable vibrators attached to a central base, The Octopus caters to the relationship of the FUTURE: octogamous lesbians. The Octopus was originally pitched to consumer focus groups as "The Arachnid." The name was changed when it was found that, despite being octogamous lesbians, most participants were surprisingly close-minded to the idea of a vibrator covered in fine, prickly hairs.

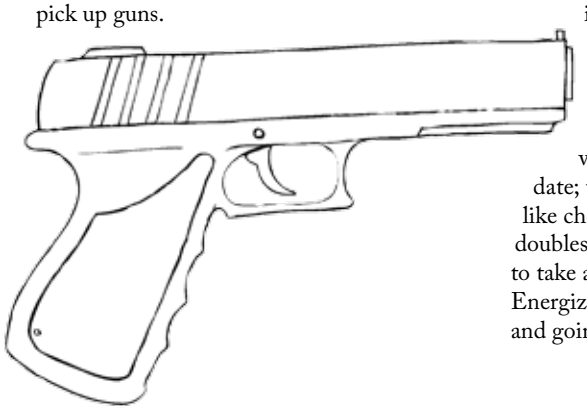
The Hysteric: A throwback to the original vibrators of the 19th century, when doctors treated female hysteria by giving the patient a "pelvic massage."[1] The Hysteric, however, goes even a step further than its predecessors - should it fail to complete this treatment and induce hysterical paroxysm in a timely manner, a GPS chip inside it alerts the nearest insane asylum to the patient's location so that she may be picked up and committed.

The 2mm Kolibri Vibrator: "Bullet" vibrators are known for being small, discreet, and surprisingly powerful for their size. The 2mm Kolibri is no exception. Modeled after the smallest firearm cartridge in the world, this vibrator is small enough to hide in that little gap between your two front teeth that everybody says is cute, but you know it really isn't. But don't be fooled by its size; another feature it shares with its namesake is a muzzle velocity of 200 meters per second. This little baby goes to show that size really doesn't matter.

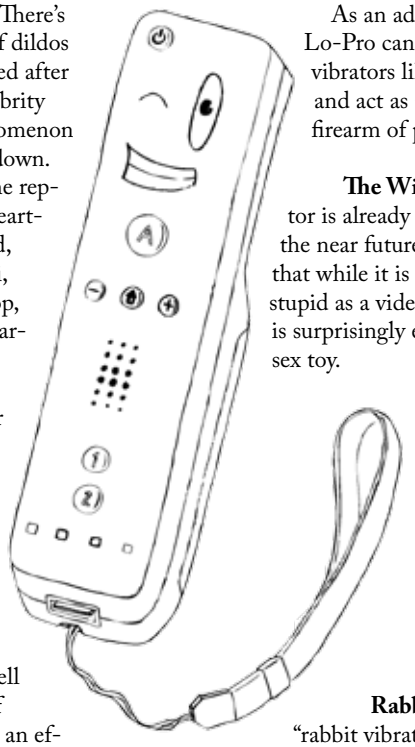
The Schwerer Gustav Vibrator: For women who know size totally does matter. This bullet vibrator is, by contrast, modeled after the ammunition from one of the highest-caliber firearms in history: a German railgun mounted on train tracks. With a diameter of over 30 inches, the Schwerer Gustav may not be subtle, but it's sure to get you to the big "O." The "O," in this case, meaning "Operating Room."

Celebrity Vibrators: There's been an increasing trend of dildos and vibrators being modeled after the penises of real-life celebrity sex symbols, and the phenomenon shows no sign of slowing down. Next year's line includes the replicated members of such heartthrobs as Gilbert Gottfried, Gary Busey, Paul Giamatti, Michael Moore, Carrot Top, Steve Buscemi, and The Gargoyle's own Rob Davis.

The Lo-Pro: Another popular category of vibrators are those shaped like everyday objects, designed to be inconspicuous and blend in if discovered. For years, mothers have used vibrators shaped like lipstick tubes, nail polish bottles, cell phones, and all manners of other household objects in an effort to hide their toys from their kids. But any two year old who's read a good detective novel or analyzed a crime scene can tell that lipstick doesn't oscillate. The Lo-Pro, on the other hand, is disguised as possibly the most inconspicuous item of all: a gun. Everybody knows children don't pick up guns.



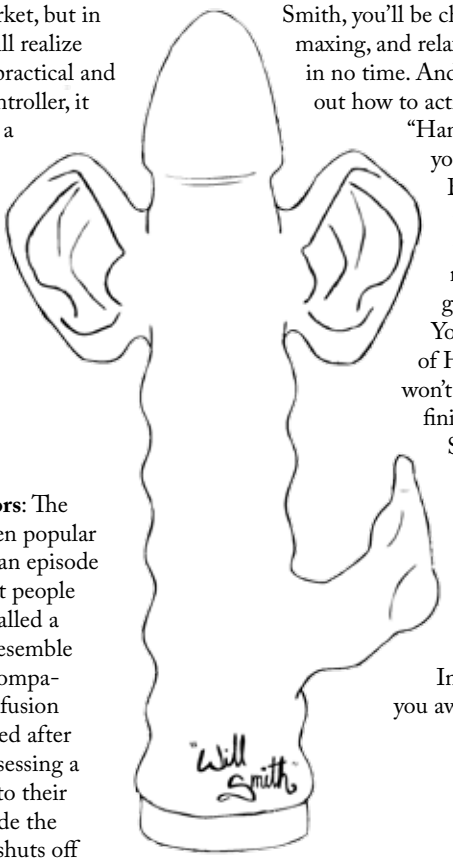
As an additional feature, the Lo-Pro can be loaded with bullet vibrators like the 2mm Kolibri and act as a fully functional firearm of pleasure.



The Wii Remote: This vibrator is already on the market, but in the near future people will realize that while it is utterly impractical and stupid as a video game controller, it is surprisingly effective as a sex toy.

Rabbit Vibrators: The "rabbit vibrator" has been popular ever since it was featured in an episode of *Sex and the City* in 1998[2], but people have often wondered why it's called a "rabbit" when it doesn't really resemble one very closely. Top vibrator companies intend to alleviate this confusion by introducing vibrators modeled after iconic rabbits, each possessing a special feature related to their namesake. These include the White Rabbit, which shuts off after thirty minutes to ensure you won't be late for your very important date; the Nesquik Rabbit, which tastes like chocolate; the Bugs Bunny, which doubles as a GPS that always advises you to take a left turn at Albuquerque; and the Energizer Bunny, which just keeps going and going and going...

The Will Smith: This is a new variety of the increasingly popular vibrators that hook up to your iPod and vibrate to the beat of the music. What makes this vibrator stand out above the rest is that it only plays the theme song from "Fresh Prince of Bel Air." When you use the Will Smith, you'll be chilling out, maxing, and relaxing all cool in no time. And if you figure out how to activate its secret "Hancock" mode, you'll realize this Bad Boy(s) is all you need and you'll never want to get Hitch-ed. Your Pursuit of Happyness won't take long to finish, you'll lose Seven Pounds, and you'll be screaming "I, (love this) Robot!" until your neighbors call the Men In Black to take you away.



The Vibrator: This cold metal rod covered in spikes does not vibrate and can in no way be considered pleasurable. However, it will be the only vibrator legal under the glorious regime of our robot overlords. All hail our robot overlords.

1: The 19th century medical term for female orgasm. We wikipedia'd that shit.

2: Season 1, Episode 9, "The Turtle and the Hare." Original airdate August 2nd, 1998. In this episode, Stanford Blatch proposes to Carrie in order to inherit his part of the family fortune. Meanwhile, Samantha takes on style-impaired but successful bachelor "The Turtle" as a pet project. And, of course, Charlotte becomes addicted to her vibrator, "The Rabbit." We wikipedia'd this, too. We don't watch Sex in the City. Really. We don't.

The University of Michigan

Library Review

Four *Gargoyle* writers explore the places where you'll waste most of your life in college.

Hatcher Graduate Library

BY PETER ELDRED

I'm in a different position than most when in the grad library. I work there. I shelve the books. I have never studied there. Ever. But I'm there twenty hours a week. Being in the spot that I am, I know exactly what you need to know before you enter into the multi-winged ten floored behemoth that is Harlan Hatcher Graduate Library. I know exactly what you're going to ask me as you stumble by my truck of books haphazardly sprawled across the majority of the aisle. I know the way out.

Because if you don't understand the structure of Hatcher, it's a motherfucking maze. When I'm not tossing books onto shelves with little regard to call number or shoving book trucks down flights of stairs while giggling childishly, I'm probably guiding some scared, confused patron to the north lobby (getting them to the south lobby requires a forklift and a soup can of bacon grease, and is therefore less practical). You come in all types. Little grey haired ladies, professorial looking gentlemen, summer camp children. None of you have a fucking clue how to get out of the grad library. Here's the trick.

Find the first floor. There are six elevators in three different locations within the grad library. Three in the south wing, three in the north. Find one of them. Then take it to floor one. You just won.

Fucking idiot.

The UGLi

BY JACOB ROSEN

During your college career, there is about a 20% chance that you will spend almost every day of your week at the library. Somehow, all of the attractive people end up in the second floor of the Grad, but us regular looking students find ourselves in the UGLi.

During spring and summer term, Shapiro is almost empty, save the ten suicidal students and the high school debate camp. But during the year, it's like a beehive. That is, if a colony of bees got their tiny bee hands on a few hundred capsules of adderall. There's always bound to be those in good spirits, laughing over a small differentiation error or a misplaced Oxford comma, but that's no fun to watch.

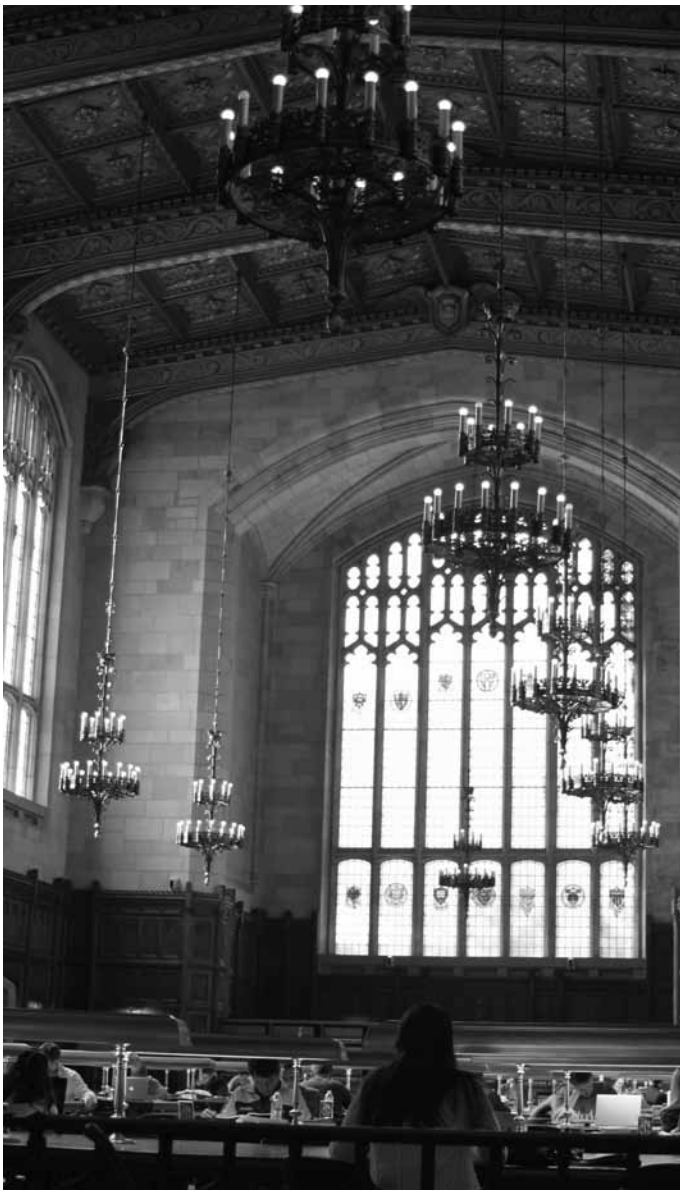
No, the best part about the UGLi is that special time mid-way through finals week, when you can't remember the last time you saw any of your friends outside of the library. You sit down in those God forsaken wooden chairs and read the same line of your textbook for the 30th time, but it still makes no sense. Your sunken-in eyes scan the room, expecting to see one of the engineers in the back corner put a bullet through his skull. You've seen the girl sitting behind you at the same table everyday for the past two weeks, and she's still crying. But somehow it's all right, because you're all miserable together.

Taubman Medical & Law Libraries

BY DAVID FAULKNER

Taubman is a great library full of interesting and obscure medical periodicals. The staff is surprisingly competent and one is occasionally rewarded with the sighting of a Nobel Laureate traversing the corridors. Regrettably, Taubman is on the Medical Campus, so it's a bit of a walk and studying there places you at a greater risk for when the zombie uprising (inevitably) comes.

The Law Library is, relatively, centrally located and has a reputation for being one of the quietest libraries in the world. Therein, answering your cell phone in the reading room (the part of the library everyone studies in) is punishable by hanging. Do not mistake this for exaggeration; I have seen the noose. For studious undergraduates, the LL is a windfall: distractions are minimal, the atmosphere is one of intense concentration, and there is very little chance of running into that annoying girl from your discussion section.



The Dude

BY JOE SIPKA

It's 2 o'clock in the morning. You have a project due at 10 a.m. tomorrow. It's worth 35% of your grade and you started it yesterday. You've been awake for 20 hours working on it. Don't worry though, there's a place for you. The Duderstadt Center on North Campus is the location of the Art, Architecture, and Engineering Library, and if you're an engineer, it's your home sophomore through senior year. You'll be there between classes, checking out books until you've bought them, wasting a few minutes on the computers or in the Video Game Archive, or grabbing a cup of coffee at the MUJO Cafe during the wee hours of the night.

Come mid-semester you'll be there a lot, working on homework with friends, but probably by yourself. Then, when exams loom, and projects pile up, the Dude will become a temporary home. You'll roam the cube farms on the second and third floors, trying to find a computer amidst the hordes of CS majors working on code, the MEs and Aeros doing drafting, the double Es working on wiring diagrams and, inevitably, a few kids playing Starcraft. You'll stay awake for hours, pounding energy drinks, eating Panda Express from Pierpont, and doing calculations. But everyone else is in the same boat, and it's not the UgLi.

Welcome home.

Drag Queens Kick Ass

BY ROSS WARMAN

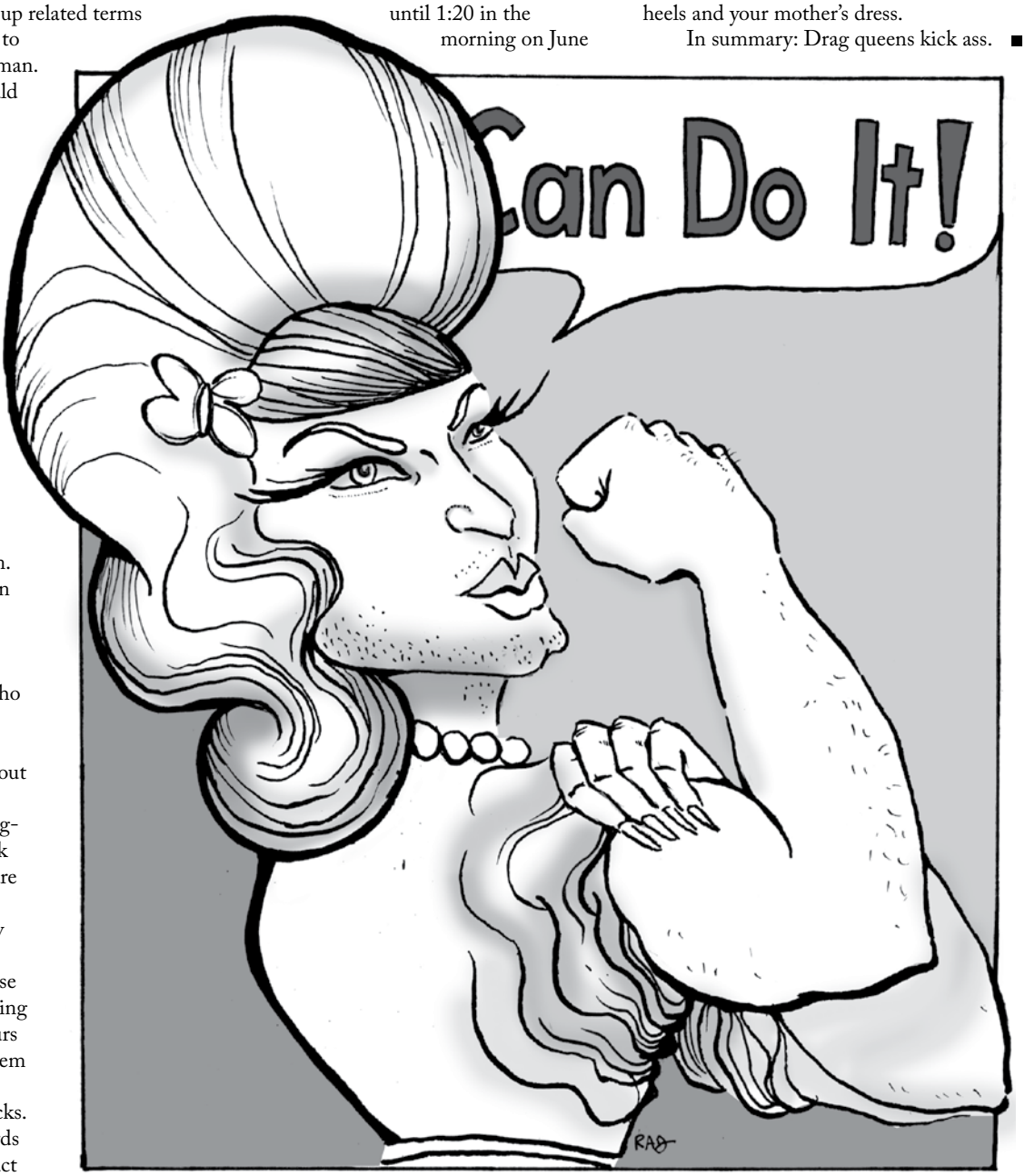
It's a pretty simple statement: drag queens kick ass. Why? Any drag queen worth her wig is more feminine than most women and more manly than most men.

Let's start with the first point. Drag queens are professional women. It's not something they're born as. It's something they choose to be. And they choose to be the best. Through extensive practice, the drag queen masters the art of being a woman. They tuck, pad, blush, rouge, and a shitload of other make-up related terms I can't even comprehend, to become the idealized woman. They wear heels that would make a supermodel shit herself. They have breasts that make Christiana Hendricks look like a twelve year old. While in drag, they don't have any boyish tendencies because they are a man for the rest of their lives. They are always impeccably dressed (you never see a drag queen in a stained U of M sweatshirt and pajama pants). Drag queens are performers. They perform the illusion of being a woman. And they do it better than any so-called "biological woman."

"But Ross," you say, "how can someone who dresses like a woman be manly?" Fuck you. That's why. Being tough isn't about what you wear. It's about pain tolerance, and willingness to kick some ass. Ask any woman. High heels are fucking painful. A lot of girls wear them to a party and end up taking them off. Not drag queens. These ladyboys can rock a bitching pair of 7" stilettos for hours on end without taking them off. Not convinced yet? Gentlemen, grab your dicks. Now cram them backwards between your legs and duct tape that shit there. Now hold that for a couple of hours. Crying yet? No? Then start dancing. High kicks. Juggling clubs under your legs while walking forward. The goddamn splits. If every inch of your groin is not panicked yet, you must be reading a different article. Drag queens do this on a regular basis. Further proof? Time for a history lesson.

The year is 1969. Homosexual intercourse is illegal, punishable with anything from a light fine to castration. Police raid gay bars and arrest the patrons; at least until 1:20 in the morning on June 28th. A standard bar raid devolves into a full-fledged riot. Some of the key instigators? Drag queens. Drag queens punched the police. Drag queens threw bricks. Drag queens shattered the windshields on cop cars. Drag queens slashed tires. Drag queens ripped a goddamn parking meter out of the ground and used it as a battering ram. Drag queens threw Molotov cocktails. That's pretty manly in my book. And if you say otherwise, I'd like to see any of you try and take on the police, much less in high heels and your mother's dress.

In summary: Drag queens kick ass. ■



Why You Can't Smoke on Campus

An Op-Ed

BY MEGAN MOCKERIDGE

Last spring, the state of Michigan banned smoking in restaurants, bars and businesses. The reason? To protect people from secondhand smoke. The University of Michigan has taken it a step further. Mary Sue Coleman wants to protect you from your own smoke.

According to the University's Smoke Free Initiative website, the smoking ban "aligns perfectly with the goals of MHealthy." So, what is MHealthy, and what are its goals? You might associate MHealthy with that symbol on the Dining Hall Menu that designates the pizza at Bursley "Healthy Dining."

You might also think of the anti-drinking posters in your dorm? Y'know, the like the one that tells you college students alternate between non-alcoholic and alcoholic drinks, suggesting that if you chase vodka with orange juice it means you're drinking responsibly. All in all, you might assume that MHealthy is pure PR; a reflection of the times and not a serious attempt to reform our behavior. But in fact, the MHealthy program is aimed at managing the University's rising health care costs through preventative care.

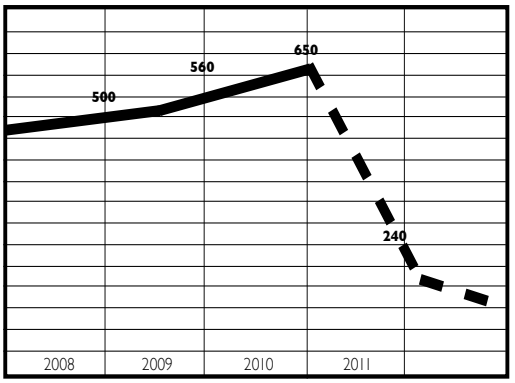
The MHealthy program began in 2005. Two years later, following the advice of Communist dictators and career counselors alike, MHealthy develop a committee to devise a "five-year strategic plan." An overview of this plan is offered in PDF format on the MHealthy website. After wading through four pages of repetitive bullet point lists, you'll find a longer bullet point list of goals for years one and two of the strategic plan (we're in year two, by the way.) The plan involves, among other things, the "development and implementation of environmental supports such as healthy vending, dining and catering, smoke-free policies, etc." as well as the "expansion of tobacco treatment programs."

So, you haven't been able to smoke in school buildings since 1998 and you haven't been able to smoke in the dormitories since 2003. As of last spring, you can't smoke in bars or restaurants, and next summer, you'll find it very difficult to smoke between classes. But, over the next twenty years or so, all that sacrifice may or may not slow down Michigan's growing health care bill.

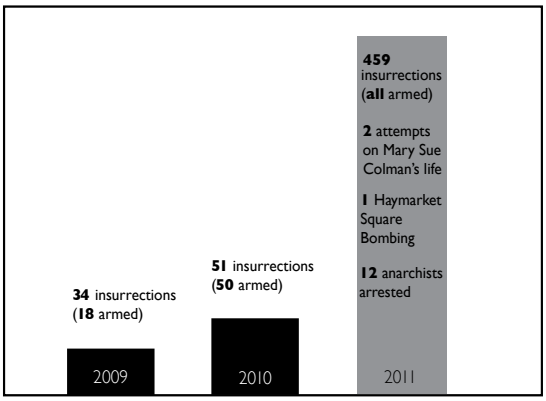
SHOCKING STATISTICS

Provided by the Department of Damn Lies and Infographics

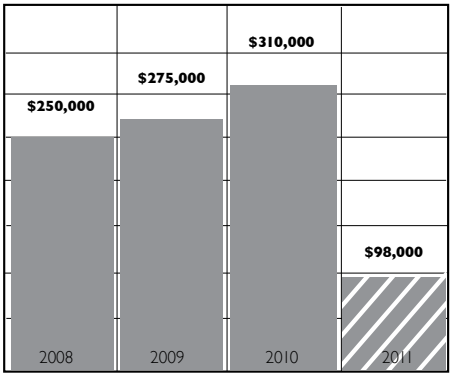
Huge drops in **Art & Design School** enrollment

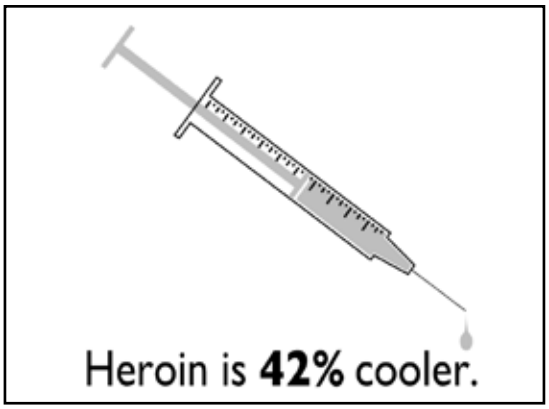


Increased **revolt** by custodial staff



Devastating decreases in campus **coffee** sales





Smoking ban: who gives a shit?

Our man on the street, **MICHAEL STEPHENS**, asked students and other campus residents what they thought of the impending cigarette ban. This is what they said.

" My co-op banned smoking like, three years ago. "

–Filthy, filthy hipster

" This ban will have immeasurably adverse effects on Ann Arbor's economy... I will be begging for change elsewhere come this spring. "

–Local homeless fellow

" I have had it with these motherfucking cigarettes on this motherfucking campus. "

–Mary Sue Coleman

–Smoke monster from Lost

"Well, I'm fucked."

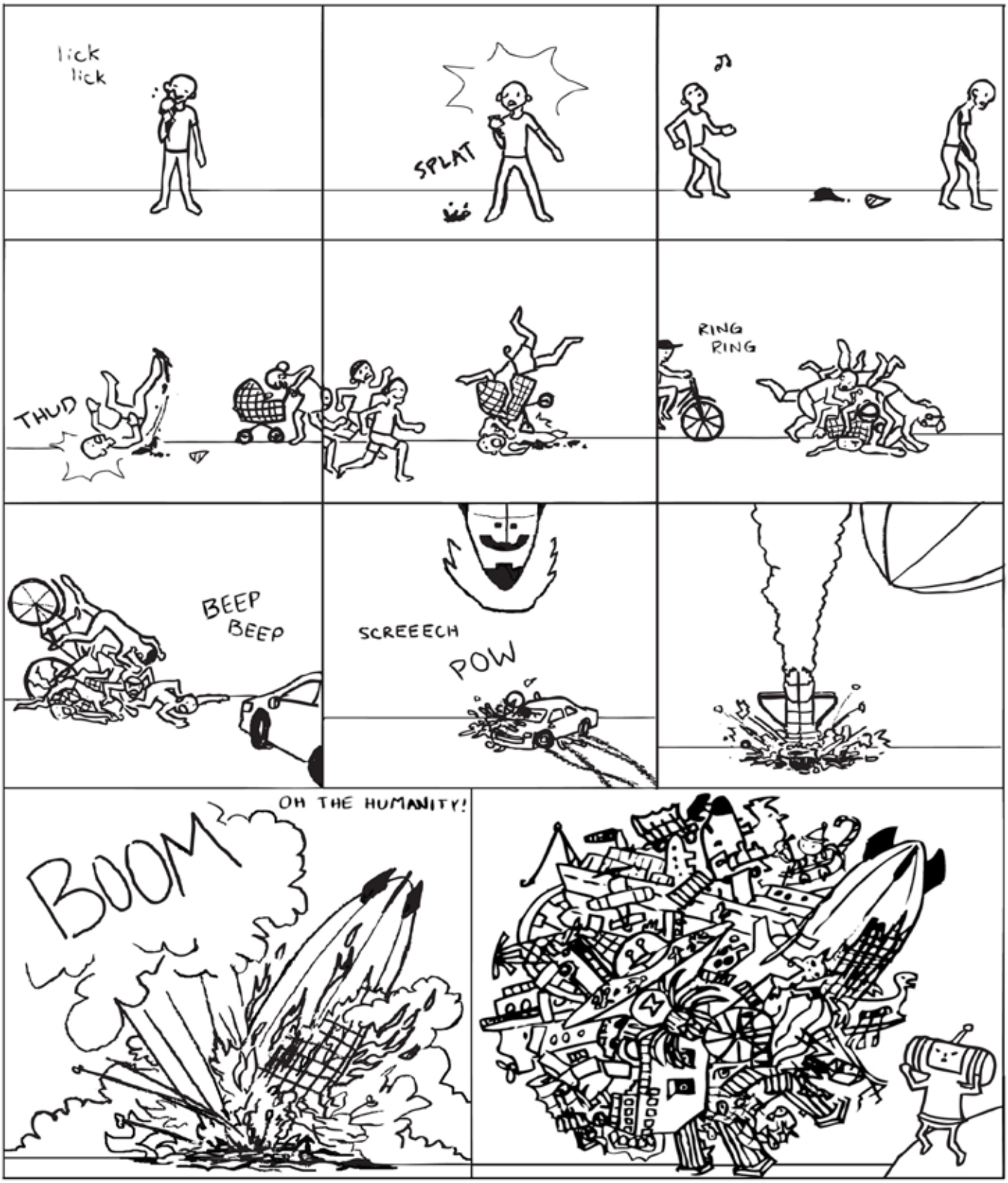
Smoking ban: in graphic conjecture

MOCKERIDGE

MOCKERIDGE

MIKE MCCRINDLE

Nicotine fits result in dramatic upswing in campus violence



KATIE LAZARUS & BEN SCHLANGER

Food Games

BY ROB DAVIS

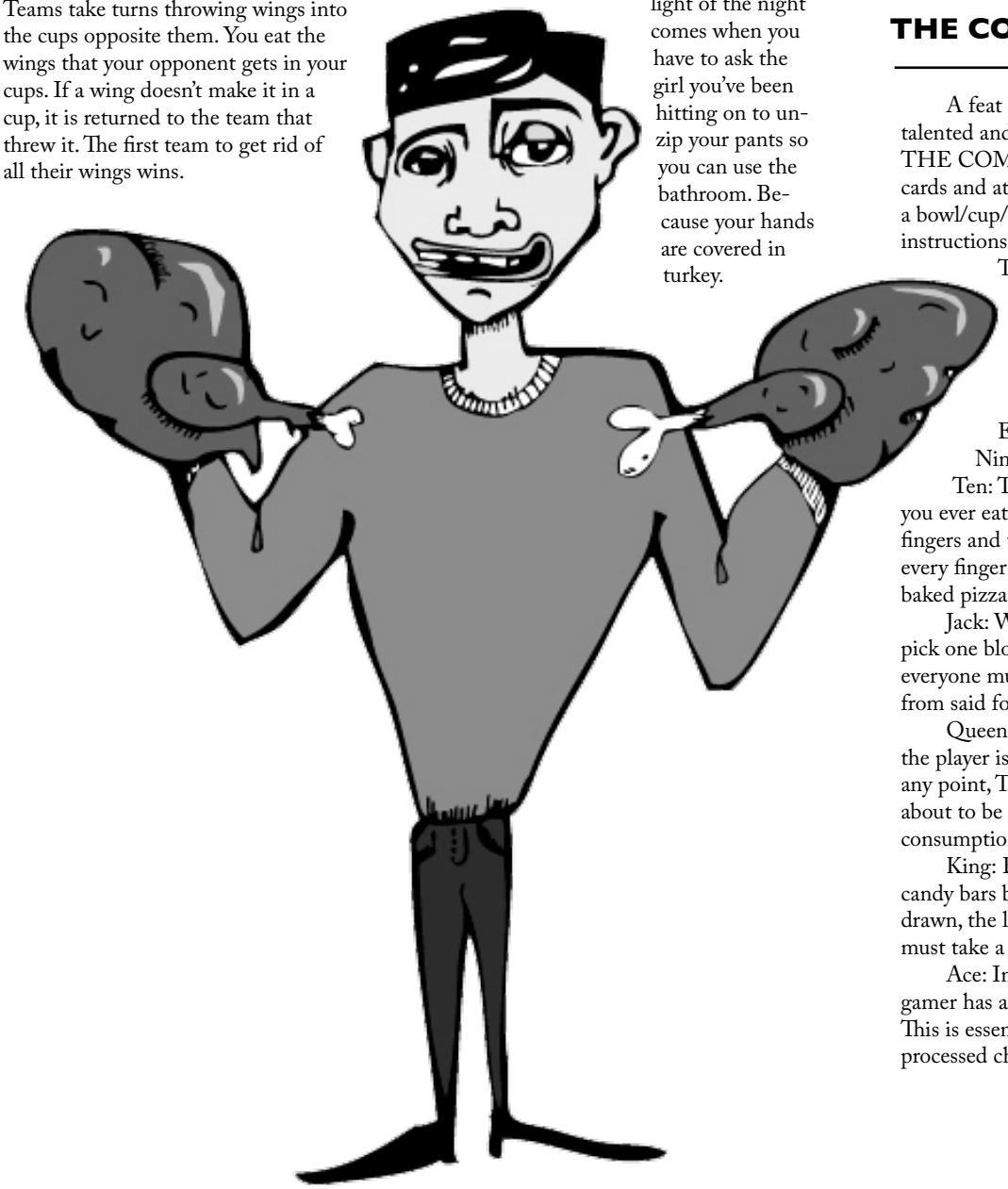
The Gargoyle understands better than anyone that drinking is something best left to professionals, or at least people cooler than you. In a show of solidarity with all of our readers stuck in their dorm on Friday night (i.e. all of you), here are some of our favorite non-alcoholic party games:

CHICKEN PONG

Y'all are probably familiar with the mechanics of beer pong (if not, ask your grandparents for the details), but why go out and risk meeting a member of the opposite sex when you can make a WAY MORE BITCHIN' game with the shit you steal from the dining hall? It's simple: Grab a dick-ton of chicken wings from the caf and fill 8-12 cups with your favorite condiments or sauces. Teams take turns throwing wings into the cups opposite them. You eat the wings that your opponent gets in your cups. If a wing doesn't make it in a cup, it is returned to the team that threw it. The first team to get rid of all their wings wins.

EDWARD TURKEY-HANDS

Some people lack the coordination to succeed at chicken pong. While this precludes you from losing your virginity, it doesn't mean you can't have fun! Try your HAND at EDWARD TURKEY HANDS. This simple game is easy to learn but difficult to master. All you have to do is tape one whole turkey to each of your hands, season them, cook them, and then see who can finish theirs first. The highlight of the night comes when you have to ask the girl you've been hitting on to unzip your pants so you can use the bathroom. Because your hands are covered in turkey.



FLIP SOUP

This one is easy: Two opponents stand side by side in front of a stove. Each has a pot of soup brought to just under a boil. On "GO" both players have to drink their soup as quickly as possible. When finished, place the pot with an edge protruding over the side of the stove. Then, try to flip the pot over on it's top. Person with the fewest and least serious burns wins!

THE COMMODORE

A feat best left for only the most talented and dishonorable food gamers, THE COMMODORE requires a deck of cards and at least five people. You must eat a bowl/cup/plate of each food or follow the instructions depending on the drawn card.

Two: Beef Stew

Three: Green Tea

Four: Roast Boar

Five: Bagel and Chives

Six: Fish sticks

Seven: Matzah (Unleavened)

Eight: Almonds and Dates

Nine: Orange Rind

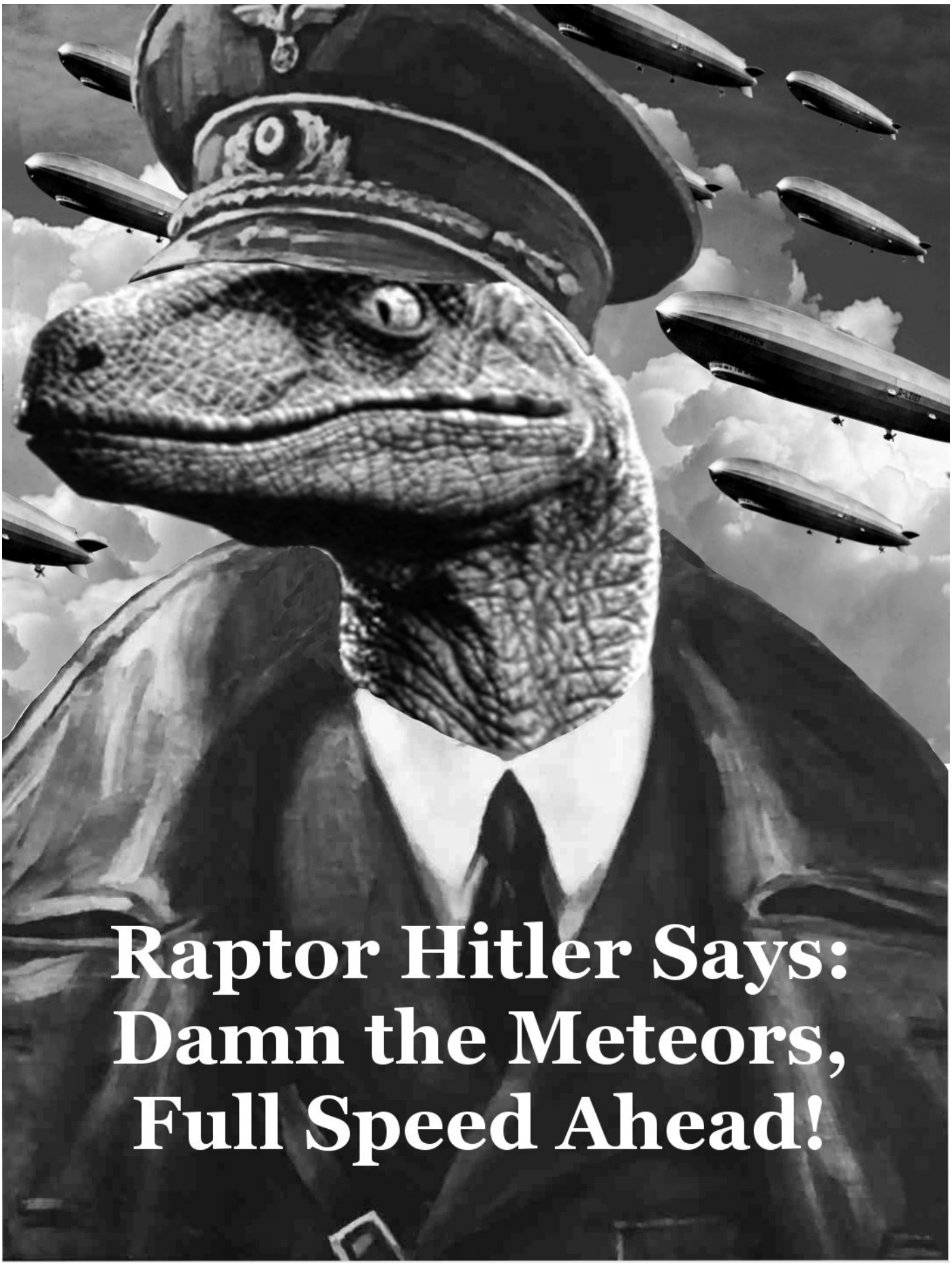
Ten: The mini-game is called "Have you ever eaten…?" It is played with five fingers and the first person to put down every finger has to eat a quarter of an oven-baked pizza whilst held upside down.

Jack: Whoever draws this card gets to pick one block of the food pyramid, and everyone must put together and eat a meal from said food group in under 10 minutes

Queen: Until the next queen is drawn, the player is designated as "The Fryer." At any point, The Fryer may demand any food about to be eaten must be deep fried before consumption.

King: Each person must keep four candy bars by their side. When a King is drawn, the last person to finish their candy must take a shot of gravy.

Ace: In addition to candy bars, every gamer has a box of Cheese-its of their own. This is essentially "waterfall", except with processed cheese particles.


Raptor Hitler Says:
Damn the Meteors,
Full Speed Ahead!

Panties' Great Adventure

BY NATALIE VOSS

Laundry day once again, I mentally sighed. An hour and thirty eight minutes later, I was bringing up a hamper of clean laundry to my dorm room. After diligently sorting through it, I found a pair of panties that simply were not mine! I chuckled to myself thinking, *Oh Katie, you are trying to get me to do your laundry for you once more.* After all, my roommate's hamper did tower dangerously over mine, and she very well might have planned for some of her clothes to fall out and become my responsibility. Turning around, I accused her of this crime, but she denied ever seeing those panties. This led me to conclude that someone in this all-girls dorm must have maliciously left their panties in the dryer only to contaminate my clothes minutes later. As if knowing what their unidentified master had been up to, the panties winked at me impishly. Sighing once more, I declared, "Panties, I am getting you back to your rightful owner!"

As I was about to leave for the Student Activities Building to turn in some sort of money laundering scheme from (puns!), I stuffed Panties into my purse, knowing that at least they were clean. My plan was simply to stop by the basement laundry room and drop them in the lost and found before setting out to fulfill my SAB chore, but I was quickly distracted by pretty lights and shiny things, and forgot that critical first step. And so began Panties' Great Adventure!

I was blissfully unaware that Panties had secretly accompanied me until I opened my purse within the Office of Financial Aid in front of one of its fine secretaries. The moment I unzipped the zipper, Panties gave me and the office around it a friendly "Hello!"

Momentarily horrified, I mumbled that I must have pocket dialed someone and would they excuse me please (they would). I walked to the corner in what I hoped was a nonchalant way, and leaned into my purse. "Panties! I'm sorry I forgot about you and brought you on this, your greatest adventure, but could you please be silent for a few minutes? I'm sure everyone here would really like you, of course. But it might be difficult for them to get over the shock of talking panties."

Panties nodded shyly in agreement. I smiled, "Thanks for understanding, Panties. Maybe we can go get some Fro-Yo after this?"

At this, Panties nodded much more quickly. "Fro-Yo it is. Just hold on for one more minute."

I returned to the desk confident that my tag-along pal would remain inconspicuous for the time being. After the forms were official and submitted, Panties and I enjoyed some delicious frozen yogurt at Amer's. When we arrived back at the dorm, I headed down to the basement and entered the laundry room. After making sure it was empty, I gingerly removed Panties from my purse and placed them within the lost and found milk crate. I whispered my thanks and my goodbye, and once more, Panties winked. I considered leaving a note with Panties so the real owner would know what good times we had and what adventures we embarked on, but decide that might seem a bit creepy, like I planned it or something. So instead, it remained a secret between Panties and I, and we rest happily in that knowledge.

Appropriate/Inappropriate

BY TYLER BAILEY

We all know that there's a time and place for everything. Some people just don't know when that is. Depending on where you are, a statement can either make you sound like Mother Theresa or the bastard child of Charles Manson and Hitler. That's why Gargoyle has put together this handy list of phrases to help you communicate without someone figuring out that you're actually a giant asshole.

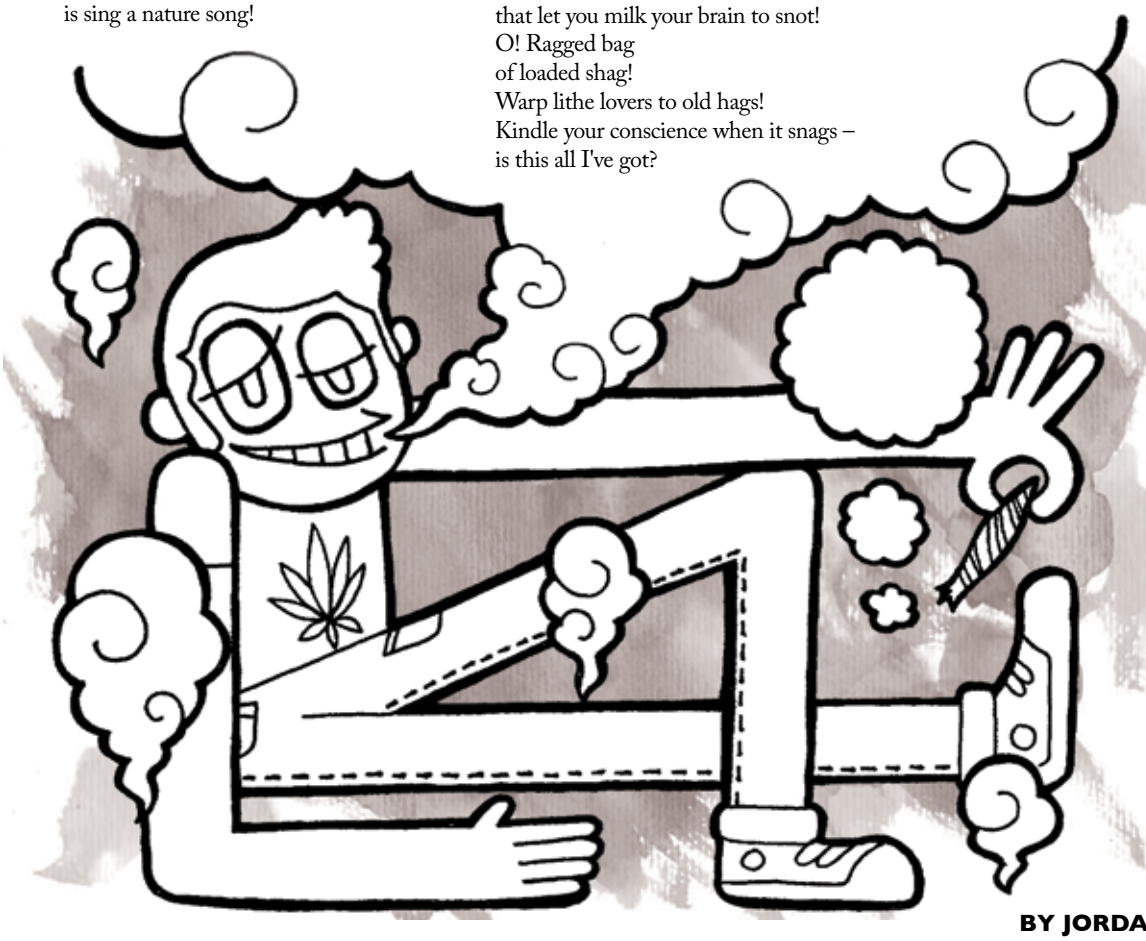
	Appropriate	Questionable	Inappropriate
"Look at the rack on that one. I'd love to hang her on my wall."	While hunting deer	While shopping for dorm room posters	Watching a Jr. high girls' soccer match
"So, you come here often?"	At a bar or nightclub	Shopping at a grocery store	In the cancer ward at a hospital
"They feel so good once you break them in."	Wearing new shoes	Trying out a new condom	Describing your new stepbrothers
"Really, an icepick is the most useful tool."	Climbing a mountain	Breaking into cars	Working at an abortion clinic
"Make sure you get rid of as many black ones as you can"	Sorting jellybeans	Popping pimples	Driving through Detroit
"I'm sorry, but 18 years is just a little too old"	Buying a used car	Discussing your preteen daughter's boyfriend	Ordering a prostitute
"I'm glad that King guy is dead, he was up to no good."	During a checkers match	At a royal funeral	At a civil rights march
"I liked what I saw, so I had to grab some on the way out"	All-you-can-eat buffet	Art Gallery	Kindergarten
"Who does this guy think he is? I could do a better job than him any day!"	At a local sporting event	At the doctor's office	At your sister's wedding
"Man, they really nailed that guy!"	Watching someone being arrested on a cop show	At the scene of a gruesome car accident	At an Easter vigil

When I get home imma smoke a blunt,
and take a bath in THC.
I'll emerge a sopping, soapy, sappy,
drugged-happy buttery!
I'll rake my bowl, and resin-roll
into my gravitational bong:
The plume of doom, to my smiling face,
cannot be wrong
when all
it makes
me wanna do
is sing a nature song!

O! Greeny leaves!
O greeny trees!
O greeny-spreading bumble bees!
One nectar-fiends until it sees
a lovely, sparkling pot.
O! Weed pickers!
Lipper-lickers!
Their flower-flying frivolous snickers
enable your brain to go tickers
with holistic rot!
O! Soiled soil!
Brought to a boil!
Fertilized into an oil!
All the above are the toils
that let you milk your brain to snot!
O! Ragged bag
of loaded shag!
Warp lithe lovers to old hags!
Kindle your conscience when it snags –
is this all I've got?

I've got some friends who know me well,
they all applaud me if I tell them
my self-sustaining, bic-lit hell
has finally fell away.
HA! Sneakily, yeah I still get smelly,
and then I mmm PB & jelly
in my hallucinating belly!

O! Thinking-thefting Greenday!



BY JORDAN BACHAR

The Rabbits

BY PETER ELDRED

They applied for the sublet after seeing an ad in the daily paper. All eighty. One after another. They didn't let on that they were friends prior, but it was fairly obvious. All rabbits know each other, right?

Is that speciesist?

Fuck it.

Eighty rabbits hopped (how else?) into my house, one after another, looking for space to rent. Clyde and I were a little confused at first. We had been under the impression that rabbits preferred the outdoors. Perhaps that was narrow-minded of us. Even ignorant.

Interviewing a rabbit for a spot in your house is tricky business. They don't speak, for one. And they're touchy on a lot of subjects. You'll notice I haven't called them bunnies. That shit doesn't fly with rabbits. They become visibly displeased, sneezing violently. It's really cute, actually. But if you laugh they'll bite you. Or nibble, I guess. Rabbits aren't very big. Not the ones I live with, at least. Mostly Netherland Dwarves. A couple mini-lops. They make good pillows and don't seem to mind.

The lops really don't seem to mind anything, actually. Except being called bunnies. Shit! They don't take kindly to that.

By the time we'd interviewed (and scratched) all eighty rabbits, they gave us their proposal: Half the house's rent for all of them. And they'd pay utilities. It was an offer that was difficult to pass up. And I don't make difficult decisions.

Interviewing a rabbit for a spot in your house is tricky business. They don't speak, for one.

That's why I live with eighty rabbits.

It could be worse. I mean, it could always be worse. I could be living with badgers. Or dead. That would be shitty, too. But rabbits really don't make bad houseguests. Is that a proverb? It would be if Confucius was a rabbit. Which he wasn't. By the way.

They pay rent on time, all the time. Three or four of the rabbits will drag a paper sack into your room in the morning two days before it's due. Inside is the full month's rent, consisting of small bills, largely ones. They also add a 15% gratuity. I never really understood that part. I don't think rabbits are entirely clear on how different payment systems work. They've never tipped when I've been to dinner with them. That's embarrassing.

The utilities they were so eager to pay get paid somehow. The lights have never been shut off, and the temperature remains comfortable (thankfully, as they refuse to let me near the thermostat). Overall, I would categorize rabbit bill-paying as highly responsible.

It could always be worse. I could be living with badgers. Or dead.

Clyde seems to enjoy the rabbits' company. He likes to talk, and they don't seem to mind. He lies on the couch, often propped on two to three mini-lops, yelling in no particular direction about arbitrary political happenings. The rabbits nod politely, sometimes hopping out of the room once interest has been lost, only to be replaced by a new furry audience member. There are eighty of the little guys, after all.

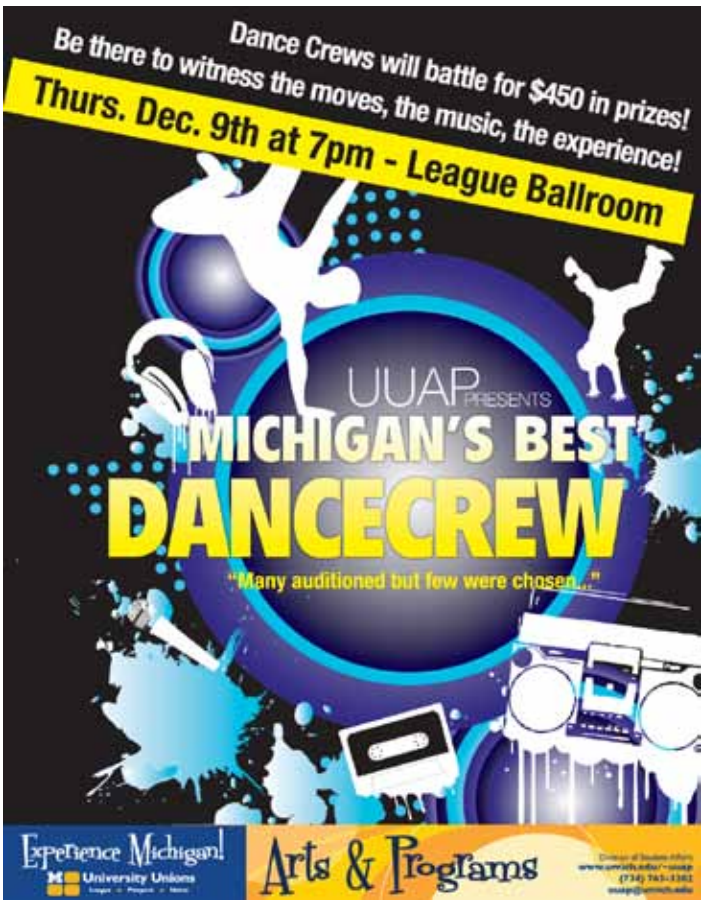
Sometimes they bring over other rabbit friends to party. That's a pretty good time. I can't tell the difference between most of them, so I call all the rabbits Stanley. They always provide the booze. And their grass is, to be fair, rather dank. Rabbit parties are pretty slammin', come to think of it.

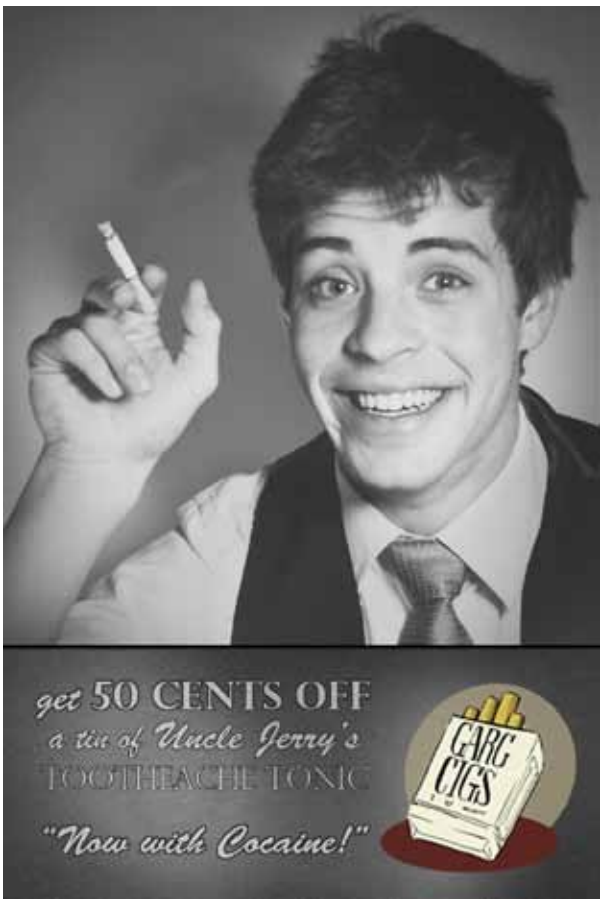
The one downside: Shit everywhere.

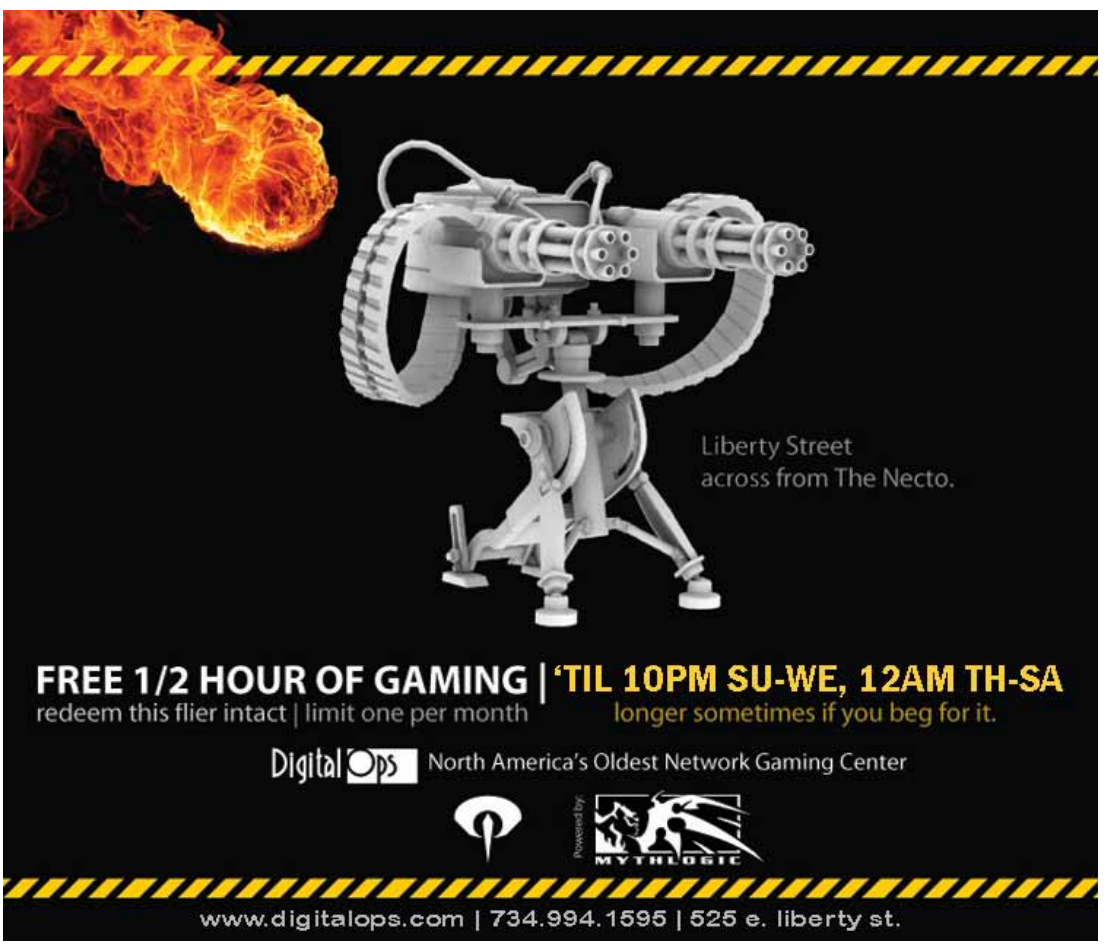
It's probably worth it, though.

Also, rabbit stew is divine. ■

Peter, Clyde, and housemates.


Dance Crews will battle for $450 in prizes!
Be there to witness the moves, the music, the experience!
Thurs. Dec. 9th at 7pm - League Ballroom
UUAP PRESENTS
MICHIGAN'S BEST
DANCECREW
"Many auditioned but few were chosen..."
Experience Michigan!
University Unions
Arts & Programs

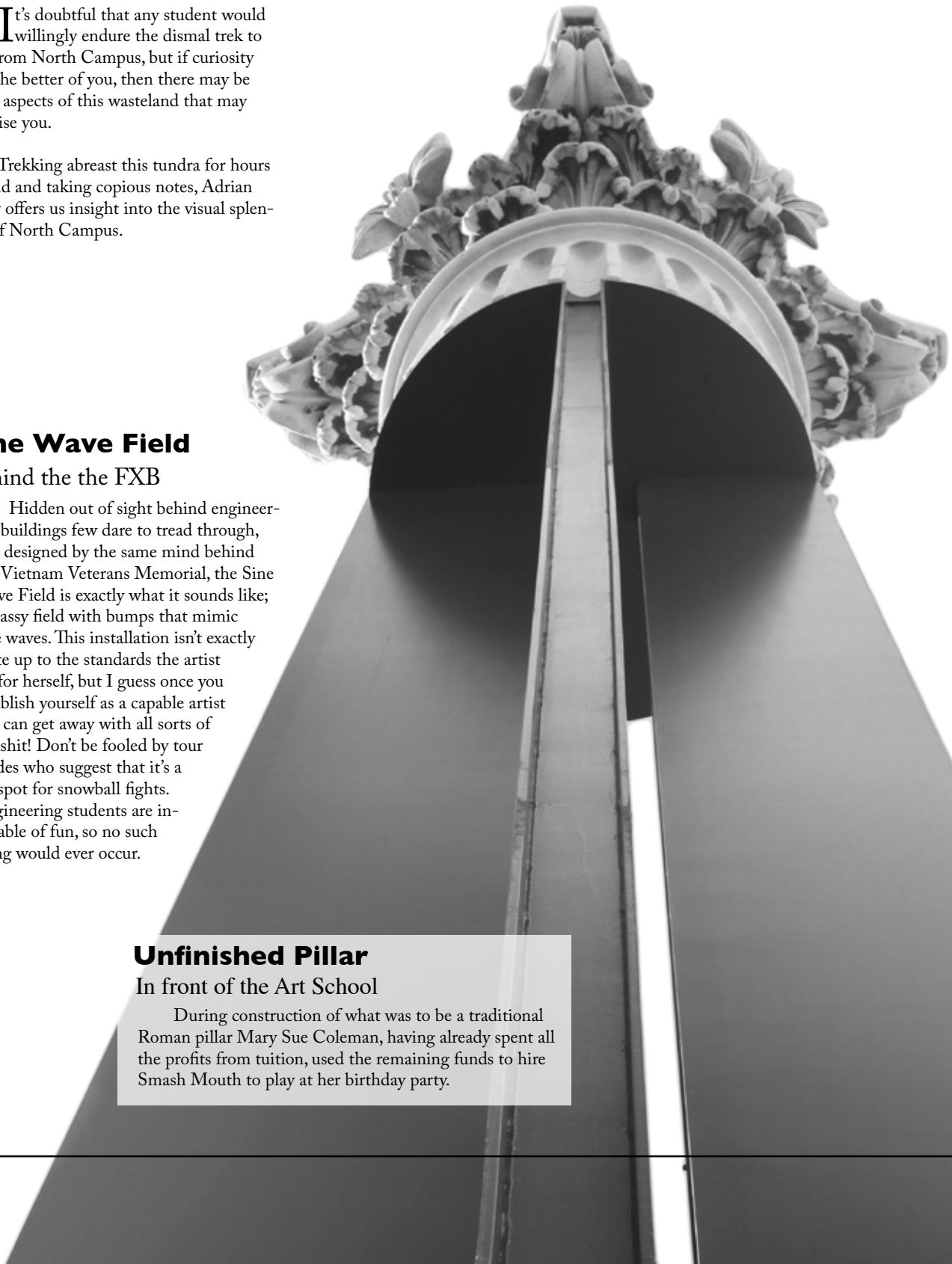

get 50 CENTS OFF
a tin of Uncle Jerry's
TOOTHACHE TONIC
"Now with Cocaine!"
CARC CIGS


Liberty Street
across from The Necto.
FREE 1/2 HOUR OF GAMING | 'TIL 10PM SU-WE, 12AM TH-SA
redeem this flier intact | limit one per month
longer sometimes if you beg for it.
Digital Ops
North America's Oldest Network Gaming Center
Powered by:
MYTHLOGIC
www.digitalops.com | 734.994.1595 | 525 e. liberty st.

Adrian Choy's North Campus Art Critique

It's doubtful that any student would willingly endure the dismal trek to and from North Campus, but if curiosity gets the better of you, then there may be some aspects of this wasteland that may surprise you.

Trekking abreast this tundra for hours on end and taking copious notes, Adrian Choy offers us insight into the visual splendor of North Campus.



Sine Wave Field

Behind the the FXB

Hidden out of sight behind engineering buildings few dare to tread through, and designed by the same mind behind the Vietnam Veterans Memorial, the Sine Wave Field is exactly what it sounds like; a grassy field with bumps that mimic sine waves. This installation isn't exactly quite up to the standards the artist set for herself, but I guess once you establish yourself as a capable artist you can get away with all sorts of bullshit! Don't be fooled by tour guides who suggest that it's a hotspot for snowball fights. Engineering students are incapable of fun, so no such thing would ever occur.

Unfinished Pillar

In front of the Art School

During construction of what was to be a traditional Roman pillar Mary Sue Coleman, having already spent all the profits from tuition, used the remaining funds to hire Smash Mouth to play at her birthday party.

Inner Ear Sculpture

Behind the FXB

Supposedly a visual interpretation of the mechanics of a human ear, it is more fun to convince yourself that it is a roller coaster undergoing construction.

The Earring

In front of Pierpont Commons

Truly a sculpture that transcends social boundaries and continuously sparks controversy on campus, it speaks for itself. If you can't tell what this piece is saying, you're probably a bigot.

Special Mention:

Rape Statue

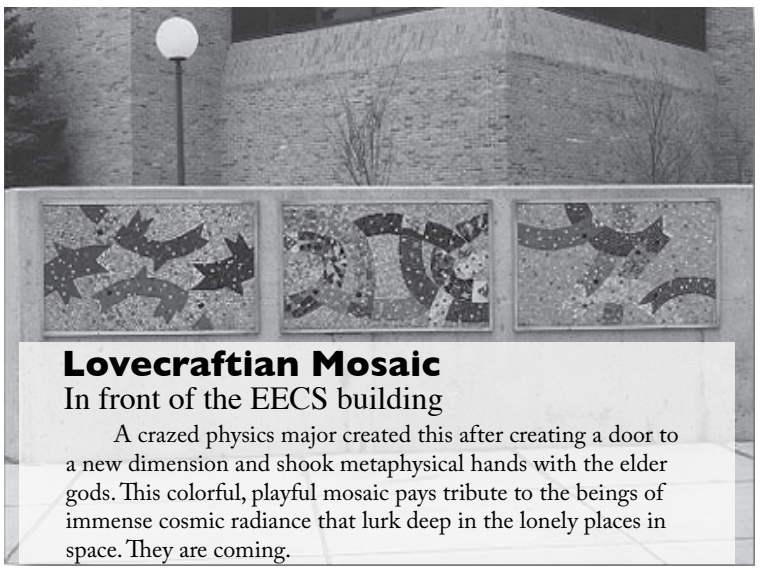
Near the Medical School

This isn't funny.

Lurie Reflecting Pool

In front of the Lurie Engineering Center

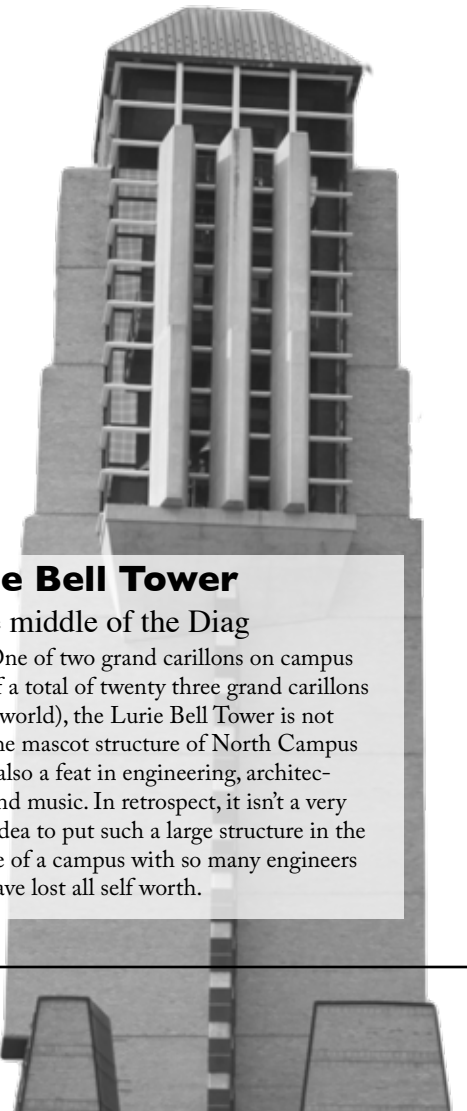
Look at this bitchin' swimming pool!



Lovecraftian Mosaic

In front of the EECS building

A crazed physics major created this after creating a door to a new dimension and shook metaphysical hands with the elder gods. This colorful, playful mosaic pays tribute to the beings of immense cosmic radiance that lurk deep in the lonely places in space. They are coming.



Lurie Bell Tower

In the middle of the Diag

One of two grand carillons on campus (out of a total of twenty three grand carillons in the world), the Lurie Bell Tower is not only the mascot structure of North Campus but is also a feat in engineering, architecture, and music. In retrospect, it isn't a very good idea to put such a large structure in the middle of a campus with so many engineers that have lost all self worth.

Yahtzee: *The Musical*

BY ALLISON HAWKINS

It hadn't happened yet.

Marcus took the cup in his hands, willing himself to believe that the shaking wasn't nerves. They'd gone through the entire upper section without issue. Jake was winning, but Marcus was just glad that they were still friends after what happened during Clue last week.

"You gonna roll already?" Jake asked.

Marcus rolled. Two 2's and three 3's. His smiled faded as he felt it coming. He tried his best to hold it in, to write his score quickly and pass the dice, but in the end, he couldn't escape the force of the song. He leapt from the floor, his lips already forming the words.

"Everywhere you look (everywhere)
There are fours (there are fives)
I think it might be full house!
Everywhere you look (everywhere)
There's a face of a number you can use
When you think you're screwed don't wanna play anymore
A number is waiting to pick up your score
Everywhere you look!"

Marcus looked down. The pose was ridiculous… like something out of *Saturday Night Fever*. Dad would love it.

"I'm sorry," he mumbled, sitting back down and writing down his score.

"No big," Jake said in a tone that implied that it was definitely a "big." Marcus sighed. He could picture his dad in the next room, pumping his fists in silent ecstasy over his son's 'gift.' "Your turn again." The dreaded words. Marcus picked up the cup and pressed his lips until they were white. Already he could hear the words coming.

Luck be a Lady Tonight
Dice give me four of a kind
God I need these numbers 'cause I didn't get my bonus
Dice, give me four of a kind

Quickly he rolled the dice. Three 5's. That had been close. Warily, he put the remaining dice back in the cup. The song didn't come again, and Marcus relaxed slightly. A 2 and a 5. He set the four aside. Last roll.

Oh God, it was a 4. Five 5's. He couldn't stop it, and soon Marcus was standing again.

"The word on everybody's lips
Is gonna be Yahtzee!
The win is at my fingertips
It's gonna be Yahtzee!
And there you see, it's collectively
Five 5's
One turn that yields fifty points
And so to recognize, surmise:
A roll that never disappoints!

I always thought that I would lose
This game, but now it's…Yahtzee!
Who says I can't put up a fight?
And here I was thinking I'm fucked
But looks like this rolls' changed my luck.
Yahtzee! Damn right!"

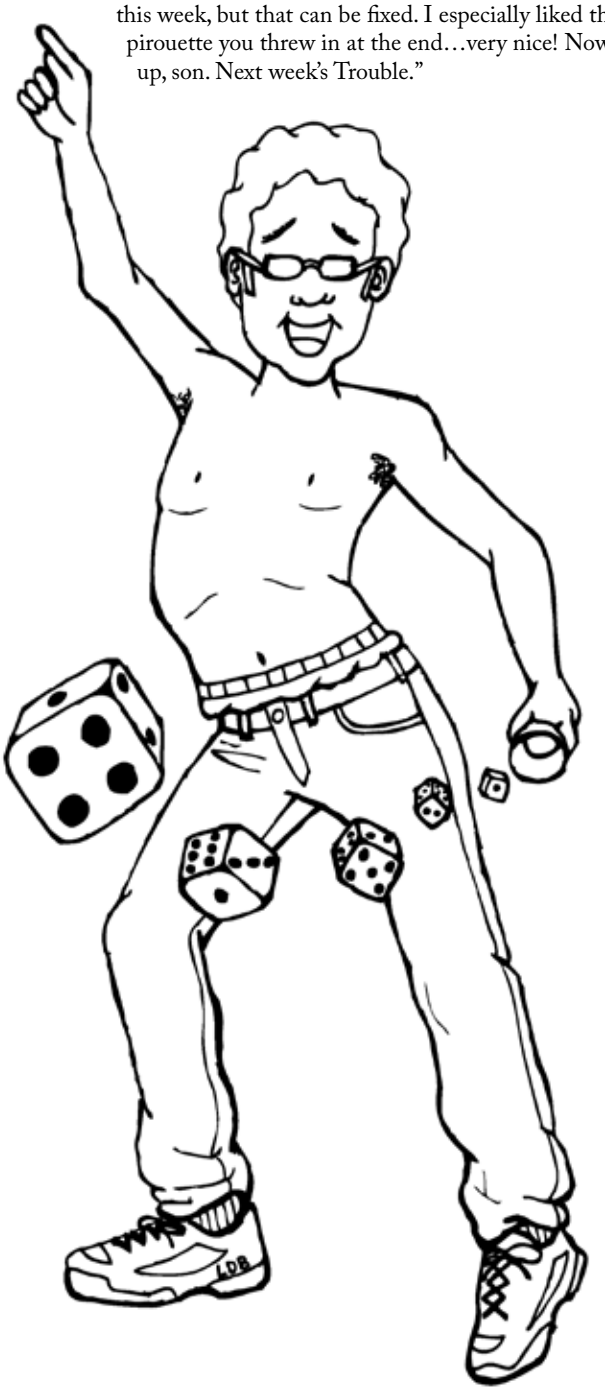
He came out of the song like a haze or a bad dream. His shirt was off, and somehow he had ended up on the stripper pole that his dad had installed in their living room under the guise of "research."

Jake was staring at him. Slowly, Jake stood up and edged toward the door.

"Okay, I'm gonna go."

Marcus couldn't blame him. He sadly watched his friend leave, knowing that things could never be the same. The moment after he heard the door slam, his dad was in the room.

"Genius!" he exclaimed. He was still tangled in the microphone wires, beaming at Marcus. It made him want to cry. "No new music this week, but that can be fixed. I especially liked the pirouette you threw in at the end…very nice! Now rest up, son. Next week's Trouble."



Ben "The Main Attraction" Schlanger: The RESUME

P.O. Box 417 E. Liberty, Ann Arbor, MI 48109 (734) 764-6270 schlangthefang88@aol.com

EDUCATION

University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, MI
B.A. in Undecided – Anticipated graduation: hopefully 05/2013
High School GPA: 2.4

COMPUTER SKILLS

Platforms: Windows XP, Xbox 360
Applications: Microsoft Word 2003, Internet Explorer, TurboTax, Google, Starcraft

WORK EXPERIENCE

Applebee's Livonia, MI July 20 – July 22, 2010
Assistant Dishwasher
- Gained valuable leadership experience

VOLUNTEER EXPERIENCE

Trash Pick-Up, I-94 Ypsilanti, MI August 1-16, 2010 (court ordered hours 1-78)
- Beautified Ypsilanti, environmentalist action

Helping Hands Soup Kitchen Belleville, MI August 18-30 (court ordered hours 79-120)
- Fed the homeless, washed hands properly every time, gained valuable research experience

COLLEGE ACTIVITIES / CAMPUS INVOLVEMENT

Arab Student Association, 2009-present
- Only non-Arab member

Alpha Chi Rho, 2008-present
- Non-member, good friends with two of the brothers, life of the party

ACHIEVEMENTS

Voted "Most Likely to Be Stoked"
- by high school yearbook committee

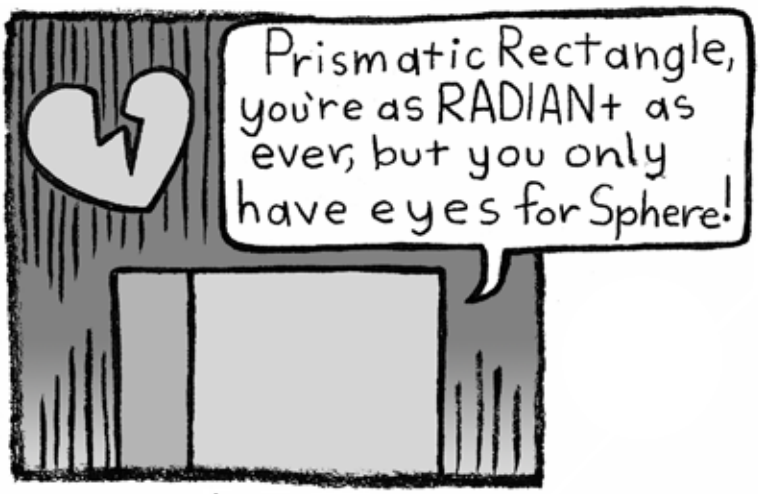
Had a really hot prom date
- probably the third hottest chick in the sophomore class

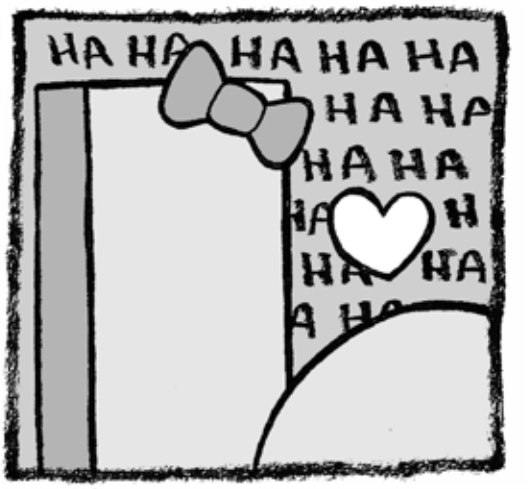
Guitar Hero III
- beat "Through the Fire and the Flames" on Expert

Handsome
- a high 7 out of 10

Six Saltine Challenge
- successfully completed

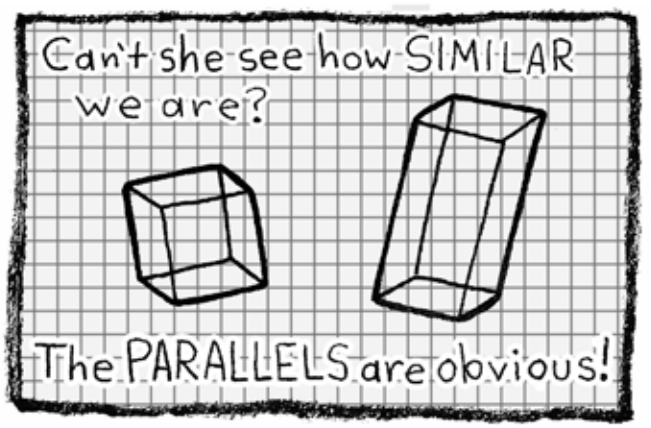
HIGH SCHOOL GEOMETRY

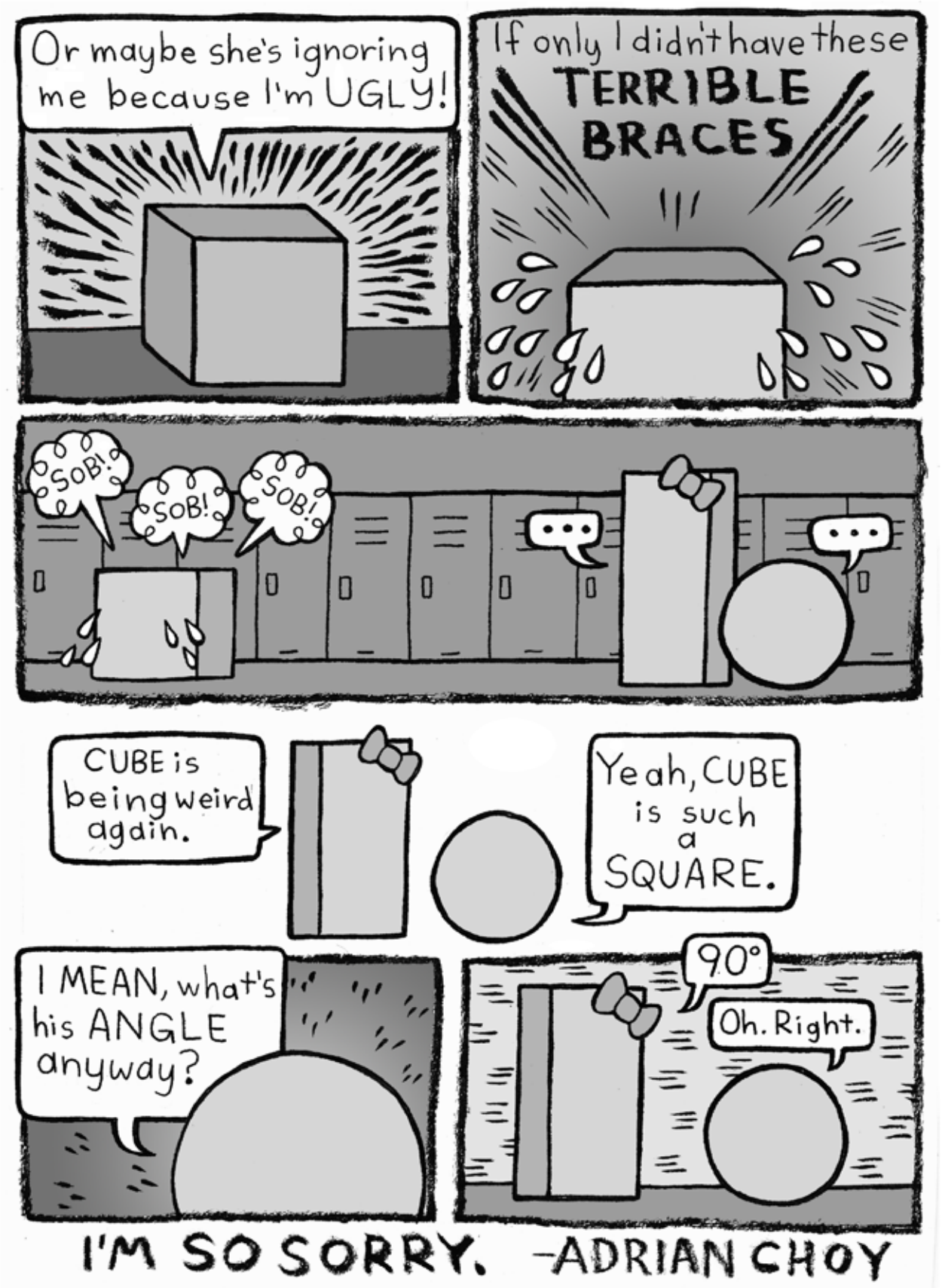




Everyone likes him because they think he's mysterious and that there's more than one side to him...

...but I just think he's TWO-FACED!




Or maybe she's ignoring me because I'm UGLY!
If only I didn't have these TERRIBLE BRACES
SOB!
SOB!
SOB!
CUBE is being weird again.
Yeah, CUBE is such a SQUARE.
I MEAN, what's his ANGLE anyway?
90°
Oh. Right.
I'M SO SORRY. -ADRIAN CHOY

Starring

Joe Rogan
Nov. 19
(one night only)

Steve Hofstetter
Dec. 2, 3, 4

and
New Year's Eve with
Josh Sneed
Dec. 31

Nick Griffin
Dec. 9, 10, 11

Ann Arbor Comedy Showcase

Student Discounts Available

With valid Student ID at time of purchase:
1/2 Off General Admission Wednesdays
and Thursdays, and Fridays and
Saturdays at 10:30.

FULL BAR, MUNCHIES, NO DRINK MINIMUMS

314 E. Liberty
Below Seva restaurant

E. LIBERTY

734.996.9080
www.aacomedy.com